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JAMES RANDALL.
NGFIELD, Nov. 27, 1848.
amed James Randall, and
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ZO NORTON, Justice.
HAT CURES
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Gratefully yours,
J. D. PHELPS.
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THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

The following is the introductory portion of the dissertation of M. Villemain on the Christian eloquence of the fourth century. The dissertation formed a part of his course of lectures as Professor in the College of France. He is perhaps best known to American readers as Minister of Public Instruction in the cabinet of Louis Philippe.

"The fourth century is the grand epoch of the primitive Church, and the golden age of Christian literature. In the social order, it was then that the Church was founded, and became a political power; in eloquence and letters, it was then that it produced those sublime and brilliant geniuses, whose only rivals have been among the sacred orators of France during the seventeenth century. How many great men, indeed how many eloquent orators filled the interval between Athanasius and St. Augustine! What prodigious intellectual advance throughout the whole Roman world! What talents consumed in mystic debates! What power exercised on human opinion! What trasformation of entire society at the voice of this religion that springs at a bound from the catacombs upon the throne of the Cæsars, that wields the sword of justice after its edge has been blunted by her own martyrs, and that is no longer imbrued in blood save by its own dissensions! . . . .

Often have I passed long vigils in turning over the leaves of those voluminous collections of the doctrine and the eloquence of the early Christian ages; it seemed to me like pursuing the memorials of the greatest revolution which has ever been wrought in the world. I sought in these theological libraries for the manners and the genius of nations. The lively imagination of the Christian orators, their conflicts, their enthusiasm, revived before my eyes a world which no longer exists, and which their ever active and impassioned words seem to have transmitted to us, far better than history. The most abstract questions were personified by the heat of the discussion, and the truthfulness of the language: all seemed interesting because all was sincere. Great virtues, ardent convictions, strongly original characters enlivened this picture of an extraordinary age, wholly devoted to metaphysics and theology, and for which the marvellous and the incomprehensible had become the natural order and reality.

With this altogether dreamy and altogether ideal life, there came to be mingled, by a perpetual and always curious contrast, the incidents of common life, the passions, the ordinary vices of our nature. This blending of civilizations and of nations, brought together by a cosmopolitan religion, further augments the singular variety of this spectacle. Christianity acted diversely, was received at different degrees by nations equally bent beneath the Roman yoke, but distinct in origin, manners and climate. Their *primitive* character re-appeared to the advantage *of the religious* enthusiasm which enfranchised them from terrestrial bonds. The Syrian, the Greek, the African, the Latin, the Gaul, the Spaniard, carried into their Christianity the shades of their characters; and heresies, at that *time* so numerous, were often national rather than theological.

The writings of the Fathers are an image of all these varieties. In the midst of controversies and of mystical subleties, are unexpectedly found all the details of the history of nations, the whole progress of a long moral revolution, the decline of ancient usages, and obstinate adherence to them, the influence of letters prolonging that of creeds, new creeds commencing with the people, and availing themselves in their turn of learning and eloquence, orators replacing apostles, and Christianity forming in the midst of the ancient world an age of civilization, which seems separated from the Roman empire, and which, nevertheless dies with it.

There appeared that Greek genius, for a long time depressed beneath the Roman yoke, but reanimated by the ardor of proselytism, and proposing to convert the world to its faith, instead of amusing its masters by a vain eloquence. It shows itself almost at the same time at all points of the Oriental empire, it shines upon its native land, in Egypt, and particularly in that Asiatic Greece of which nothing remains, and which was so highly celebrated for its luxury and its wealth.

Athens is still, in the fourth century, the city of art and of letters. Full of monuments and of schools, it attracts all the studious youth of Europe and of Asia. It is peopled by those enthusiasts of the early age, who are at once eager for science and for the marvellous, who wish to penetrate all, to comprehend all; who seek for truth with restlessness and candor, and defend it with fanaticism. These youth follow the movements of their masters, interest themselves in their combats, in their triumphs, with the same ardor, the same excitement which in other days made the attentive crowd at the chariot race tremble and palpitate.

Noisy and studious, they fill the city of Athens with their games in celebration of the arrival of a new disciple, and they pass long hours at the lessons of the Academy. Athens is crowded at the same time with Christian churches, and with idols. Polytheism survives there, protected by the arts. The future defenders of the two systems of worship are confounded unawares, in the same schools. These young men, so grave and so gentle, admired by their comrades whose follies they avoid, these two inseparable companions who, amidst the seductions of Athens, are familiar only with the road to the Christian church and that to the schools, are Gregory of Nazianzen and his friend; they are cited throughout all Greece—they excel in literature and in secular eloquence.

Near them often passes in silence a young man, with an irregular and hurried step, a look brilliant and full of fire, his hair suffered to fall down in curls, his neck slightly bent, his countenance changeable and disdainful. He wears the philosophical mantle, but the crowd which follows him announces his fortune or rather his perils. It is the brother of one of the Cæsars, it is Julian, who, disarming the jealous hatred of the Emperor Constantius, has come to Athens in order to study literature in its sanctuary. He passes for a Christian, and Constantius has even made him take the title of *reader* in a church: but his love of Homer is the hope of those Greeks who are still attached to the old religion. They boast of his genius, his passion for the sciences; they promise great things of him, which seem to be justified by his rank, his talents, his youth, preserved by a marvellous chance from the cruelty of Constantius.

In Asia is seen Antioch with its churches and its theatres, that mixture of imagination and of effeminacy, which favors equally austerities and pleasures. It was there that the disciples of the new religion first received the name of Christians, a name spread two centuries afterwards over all points of the world. It was there that Libanius, a pagan, from love of Homer opened his school, which was followed by Chrysostom; it was there that Julian, having become master of the empire, and continuing to be a sophist, wrote satires against the Christians, his subjects.

Antioch is situated on the banks of the river Oronte, in the midst of an enchanting plain, crowned by rough heights, upon which a few hermits are scattered, Christianity has obtained all of her demands, except the sacrifice of the circus and of the theatre; but no bloody games sadden this charming city. Festivals, nightly balls, parties of science and pleasure, occupy its peaceful inhabitants. The divisions of sects lead to no conflicts; they rail at each other without persecution.

Libanius writes tranquilly the panegyric of Julian, after his death, and amidst the ruins of polytheism; but the crowd throngs around the young and eloquent Chrysostom. The sanctuary resounds with applause excited by his sermons. He is followed into the country, to the gates of the city; vast canvasses are stretched in the air to defend from the heat of the sun the numerous auditory intoxicated by the charm of his words.

Such is the life of these Greeks of Asia, who have become subjects of Rome, and Christians, almost without having changed their manners their usages, or their genius.

But elsewhere, in the writings of Athanasius, appeared Alexandria, as tumultuous, as full of storms as Antioch is peaceable; it is the mart of all kinds of commerce; the country of all sects. It is inhabited by at once the most contemplative and the most industrious of all men. Near this observatory founded by the Ptolemies, near that immense library which is ceaselessly increasing, are innumerable work-shops. No one seems idle, except the philosophers. The whole day is spent in weaving linen, in fabricating paper, in blowing glass, in forging metals; even the blind work. In this multitude of inhabitants, of strangers, of travellers, there is no opinion, no sect, no singularity of manners or of doctrine, which is not concealed with impunity; there persecution never touches Christianity. A numerous and hardy population makes the Roman governors tremble.

No city is at once more studious and more agitated. The manners of the inhabitants are somewhat ferocious, and their hands are often stained with blood. They dispute with weapons the possession of a temple. They combat still more for the archbishopric. The influence of this dignitary is great upon the popular mind. Alexandria, by its commerce, furnishes Rome and Italy with wheat; and when it is wished to ruin Athenians in the opinion of the Emperor, the former is accused, with apparent reason, of the project of starving Rome, in suspending by his power the departure of the fleets from Egypt.

Constantinople, with its manners, its luxury, the imperial court and its vices, appears to even better advantage in the grand orators of the fourth century. It is the metropolis of the world and of religion. Here shine in turn upon the episcopal seat, Gregory of Nazianzen and Chrysostom. But at the same time it is the point at which the sects invented by the subtle spirit of Alexandria and the philosophy of Greece centre; it is here their advocates come to render themselves profitable, by producing them at court, and by trying to gain over some chamberlain, or some eunuch of the palace. Here are shown in all their nudity the miseries of the Oriental empire, the capricious despotism of princes, the intrigues of the palace, the corruption of a great city too quickly made, which was neither Greek nor Roman, and seemed a colony rather than a capital. But Constantinople, in consequence of its newness, had nothing in its festivals, in its customs, which reminded one of the ancient religion. She was of the same date as the triumph of Christianity.

At Rome, on the contrary, Christianity had gained only half a victory. The two societies, the two religions, the past and the future, were in presence and at war. The temples, the circuses, the theatres, the very streets of Rome, all full of pagan monuments, nourished the religious zeal of a part of the inhabitants. Many senatorial families, especially, still adhered to the ancient religion, as to the glory of their ancestors. The people filled the Christian churches, and the cemeteries of the martyrs. The slaves, the poor, adopted the new law, wherein they found consolation and help. Already, however, accusations were brought against the vices of priests, the pomp and display of bishops. In the midst of the fourth century, the episcopal see at Rome was contended for in a bloody combat. The pagans saw with joy these shameful disputes, and contrasted them ironically with the simplicity, the modesty, which they chose to recognize in certain bishops of the provinces of Italy. It is worthy of remark that, during this century, the Church of Rome did not produce a single great writer, or a single great orator, like those who were born in Africa, in Greece, in Asia; but it labored to extend its influence abroad: it sought dominion over the churches of Africa, of Gaul, and Iberia. It aimed at governing men, rather than the glory of speaking well and of writing well; it tried to constitute itself arbiter of the numerous quarrels excited by the sophistical spirit of the Greeks; it offered its fellowship to the doctors of the East, who were persecuted on account of controversies, and whom they gained by giving them an asylum.

Scarcely any sect was formed in the Church of Rome. Its genius was in this respect the opposite of the Greek genius; it adhered to ancient formulas, made few innovations, dreaded change as a heresy, and without equalling the glory of the Church of the Orient, was sure in the long run to outvie it by a sort of temporal prudence and tenacity.

The Greek genius, more free and more bold, and having become, since the conquests of Alexandria, more Oriental than European, carried subtleties, allegories, into Christianity. Egypt and Asia Minor were its theatre; a thousand sects, a thousand strange opinions sprung up there from the superstitious imaginations of the inhabitants. The Romans, or rather the nations who spoke the Latin language, were somewhat less learned, less ingenious; they were but poor theologians at the side of the Greeks of Alexandria; but they were more calm and more sober in their opinions. They were distrustful of the subtle metaphysics which the Orientals blended with the dogmas of the faith; and that schism, that mutual repugnance which, many centuries later, separated the two Churches, had its root in the early ages of Christian proselytism. Its trace ought also to be found in the oratorical monuments of the two literatures; but the parallel could not be exactly followed. Not only had the Oriental Church an incontestible superiority in imagination and in eloquence, but among the writers of the Latin Church all those who shone with great splendor seemed to belong to the Orient; some, indeed, had lived in Syria, in Egypt, and inhaled enthusiasm on the banks of the Jordan; others, born beneath the burning sky of Africa, were rather Orientals than Latins; the Roman language was transformed in their writings, and assumed a kind of sublime and barbarian irregularity. In this respect, they were innovators more than the Greeks; they formed in the midst of the West an epoch more singular, and more distinct from the past [N. Y. Recorder.

THINGS THAT COST NOTHING.—Sunrise and sunset cost us nothing, all glorious as they are. Colors that are only to be seen in the heavens, and brightness beyond description, are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulses to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness and joy. Rising and setting suns are commonplace exhibitions, when, were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century, multiplied millions, nay, almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.

We give money and time and labor for many things of little value, but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeam and the grateful shower; the gray of the morning, the twilight of evening, the broad blaze of noon day, and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hour! The poorest of the poor have these, and they have them for nothing!

[For the Register.]

Shadows on the Wall.

Twilight shades are slow descending,
Following sunset's glorious flight,
And the great Earth, glad reposes
Gently, in the arms of Night.
Comes the hour, when busy fancies
Heart and brain alike enthrall;
When the silent room is peopled,
By the "*shadows on the wall.*"

Mark their slow and cautious gathering,
As they deepen and advance,
Gliding into nooks and corners,
Flitting through the noiseless dance.
Now by darkness made still bolder,
Plainly we discern them all;
Huge, unsightly, frightful visions,
Are the "*shadows on the wall.*"

One has crept behind the curtain,
One into the old arm-chair,
Seeming its great arms to lengthen,
As it holds the shadow there.
'Neath the table hides another,
Where it fled before nightfall;
And the pictures all are darkened
By the "*shadows on the wall.*"

While the sunlight gilds our *morning*,
May we gather round our way,
Lights, which *darkness* will dispel not,
"Shining unto perfect day."
Then when twilight's shadows deepen,
Memory's pictures in its hall
Will be *brightened*, and not *darkened*,
By the "*shadows on the wall.*" N. C.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

Let us fancy ourselves on some eminence commanding a view of time as well as space. We are looking at events through a chronological telescope that has the effect of accelerating the slow pace of ages and revealing these minutest influences, even as the glass of Galileo magnifies objects in space, and brings them apparently nearer to our vision. The car of history is seen coming down the railroad track of time. The locomotive of natural law is rolling on its ever-moving machinery. Behind it comes in sight the long train, full freighted with human hopes and destinies—the destinies of individuals, of nations, of races, of the world. All, to appearance is moving forward with the utmost rapidity and regularity. Every physical power—the combustion, the steam, the force of gravity, the cycloidical movement of the wheels, the regulative friction of the rails, are all acting in most harmonious co-operation. But lo!

We look again; —the cars are on another track. Our time accelerating magnifyer shows the long train taking a different direction from that which previous observation and a calculation of previous forces would have marked out. How is this? An invisible hand, a supernatural hand, has turned the *switch*, and cars, and freight, and passengers are posting on, it may be, to swift destruction—and yet no law of nature is broken—no wheel, or cog, or crank, or lever out of place —no energy of fire, or air, or steam, or gravity, turned away, in any respect, from the most natural result of the most unbroken causation. Who shall say how few, or how many, of these concealed *switches* lie all along the path of nature and the track of time—far away from the ken of the keenest science or the most wide-reaching philosophy of history, and yet, ever and anon, turned by unseen, though not unbidden hands—turned, it may be, at times, not with noise and "observation," and crash of nature's laws, but quietly, and smoothly, and silently, like the *vehiculum mundi* of Euripedes —and yet with an energy which no human power could resist, and with a fore-ordained certainty which renders all the adverse speculations of science and philosophy of no avail. Who shall dare to say, that the Almighty Architect of the Universe, and the All-Wise Controller of natural and moral history, has omitted a provision for his own intervention, the leaving out of which would be justly thought a most serious defect in the work of any human engineer? Is it charged against our comparison, that not only the switches themselves, but also the power that turns them, may be so regulated as to be parts of the machinery, or the natural hinges of those developments in which there may seem to be a rising above or turning aside from the course of ordinary law? Bring in others, then, we reply, and others back of them, if necessary, and farther back, and farther back still. Be it ever so remote, and ever so hidden, there must be some point, somewhere in time and space, at which the supernatural Power, the finger of the Arch-Superientendent, touches, when it pleases him, the physical machinery. It must be so or every element of a moral system perishes. It is demanded by the conscience. We cannot pray in faith without it; we can have no trust in Providence; we can have neither the fear, nor the love of God. But we must pray—we must believe; otherwise our souls have no true life. This, then, is the argument. To one who thus feels, it is this which makes the doctrine *rational*, and rational, too, after the highest order of rationality, although it may seem opposed to some of the most confident assumptions of a merely scientific naturalism.—[Prof. Lewis's Phi Beta Kappa Discourse.

THE WORD SELAH.

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it; and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance—because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instrument play and the singers stop." Wucher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*—up my soul. Somers, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognises in every case, "an actual appeal to the Jehovah." They are calls for aid, and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire distinctiveness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear Jehovah! or awake, Jehovah! and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear," &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah, itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used Higgaion Selah. Higgaion indicating the sound of stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets. —[Bibliotheca Sacra.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELFISHNESS.

We naturally love our own well-being; and this principle, the prime and ruling impulse of our nature, is termed self-love. Self-love deserves no more praise or blame than do the appetites of hunger and thirst. In its excess and perversion, when confined to personal gratification, it is denominated selfishness, and incurs censure. In its diffusive sympathies to mankind, it has the appellation of benevolence, and is entitled to commendation.

When we contemplate the character of the Supreme Being, as it is discovered in natural and revealed religion, we plainly see that he wills the harmonious union of the great family of man. No system, therefore, of theology, morality, or polity, can be pure and efficient which is not in subserviency to humanity and benevolence, to social order and happiness.

A beautiful landscape is presented to two individuals. One of them, who has no relish for such an exhibition, looks on it with indifference; the other whose taste is cultivated, gazes on it with delight. Similar is it with selfishness and benevolence. The selfish regard noble and generous deeds, in which they have interest, with apathy; the benevolent hail them with congenial mind, and experience a reflected pleasure in their sympathetic feelings.

The call to benevolence on religious principles is clear and conclusive. All who are religious, love their Creator, and Preserver; those who love him obey his commands, and his express command is to love one another and to do good to all men.

A selfish man, like an opaque mineral, absorbs every ray of good in himself. A benevolent man, like a transparent gem, refracts them in diffusive lustre around him.

A wordly man calculates every thing by profit and loss, and estimates every person according to his station and fortune. A virtuous man values every thing by its physical good or evil, and estimates every man according to his integrity and usefulness.

The selfish cannot see with satisfaction those happy whom they envy; their minds are like a diseased body that cannot enjoy the vernal beauties of nature. The benevolent rejoice in general happiness, and by sympathy share in it, as by taste they enjoy the blooming prime of the year.

A person who is happy rejoices in the happiness of others, and he who rejoices in the happiness of others promotes his own. Cultivate, then, in the prime of life, the personal virtues which constitute the felicity of the individual, and the benevolent sympathies which, extending through society, unite and bless the great community of man.

REVELATION NOT AN IMPROBABLE THING IN ITSELF.

The inquiry then will be, not whether we are to do anything, but *what in particular*. For, seeing that there is a God, a divine government, a state of ineffable rewards and punishments, we cannot well choose but exert ourselves in some way; the thought of remaining passive to the last, of standing idle till we see and feel what the Omnipotent will do with us, is madness.

Now there are those who tell us of an infallible source of instruction—*a revelation from heaven*.

How desirable! how inexpressibly desirable! Such is the first impression the announcement is calculated to make upon our minds.

The next, perhaps, is one of misgiving and fear. Is not the news too good to be true!—Revelation is a miraculous thing, and contrary to general experience. Can it be that the Great King would thus stoop to his subjects? Is the fact credible in itself? or even possible!

Let us pause a moment.

Possible it certainly is, for it involves no contradiction; the laws of nature, as disclosed to common experience, bring nothing more so far as we can judge, than a series of regular and sytematic determinations of the Divine will within the province to which that experience is limited. Miracles therefore, for aught we know or can know to the contrary, may be mere *voluntary modifications* (interruptions if you please) of a course of procedure on the part of the Supreme Being *which is itself voluntary:* in other words, they show his will to be not always determined by which we call system and regularity; as to which, however, it is quite supposable that our short sighted opinions may be full of error. At any rate, the line of experience from which philosophers have drawn most of their objections to the truth of revelation, lies in the moral, not the moral world, and so proves nothing as to the point before us.

But, admitting God might teach us if he would, the question still remains whether it is credible that he should *condescend* to do so.

Why not! We are his creatures, *need* instruction at his hands. Would it be strange that a want, of which the very instincts of nature make us painfully sensible, should be thought of and provided for by nature's Author? Does it pass belief, that He who has endowed us with intelligent faculties should give us knowledge—the proper food of those faculties!—that the Father of spirits, who has filled the earth with beings capable of serving, honoring, and holding intercourse with him, should in his own good time open a communication with these his offspring, and in so doing should become the informing party!

Or must our knowledge, though derived from him, come all by gradual and laborious acquisition, for that is the usual course of things! Usual indeed, so far as we are active in the business; but how when God is the actor! What has our method of *acquiring* to do with his of *imparting?* And how is a law of *human infirmity* (such beyond a doubt in this comparison) to embarrass the Amighty!

Nor let his condescending goodness be distrusted more than his power. It is the last thing in the universe that we can distrust. And, since he has made us capable of the high duties and pleasures of religion, but wanting light to direct us in them, why, it may be asked, should he not also give us that light? Would it not be like him to give it? conformable, and gloriously so, to the benignant attributes which we cannot help ascribing to him!

Accordingly there is a sort of preparation for this in the very structure and aptitudes of our mental frame. The notion of revealed truth, as distinguished from truth learnt by ordinary means, is both familiar and agreeable to the natural mind: as much so probably, as it is apt to be distasteful to minds nursed in the pride of their own doings and imaginings till the simplicity of nature is lost. Indeed men are *naturally credulous of communications from the unseen world*. And, as false Christs have risen to meet prevailing anxieties about the true, there have been plenty of pretended revelations got up, like things for the market, to answer a known pre-existing appetite and demand for them among the people. Even worldly lawgivers (Numa, Lycurgus, and others,) have found it so easy to avail themselves of this faculty of credence in the popular mind, this universal looking-for of heavenly communications, that they have successfully placed the credit of their law system on a religious basis by simply affirming that they were inspired.

Unless, therefore, the upper and nobler works of the Creator are deficient in that harmony of relative adjustment, that congruity of parts and principles, that exquisite adaptation of supply to want, provision to capacity and craving, which is so conspicuous in the physical and animal kingdoms; there must be *somewhere* in the scheme of Providence a store of superhuman knowledge for mankind. And either we have it already, or it is to come. The Allwise does nothing in vain. Especially would he not impress upon the rational and more elevated portion of his creatures a feeling of want, a propensity, a high and generous desire, for the light of his countenance and his truth, were it no part of his plan ever to reveal himself, or make his truth known. There may be droughts in the vegetable world, but the rains are appointed, and they shall fall in due time. There may be longings of the spirits of man which are not soon gratified; but, provided they be strictly natural and legitimate, God will remember them; their day is sure.

Away then with the skeptical aphorisms of false learning, that would tie down our faith to the line of *what we are accustomed to*, and dissuade us from believing anything on independent grounds, that is, without the *bias* of usage to determine us in its favor. Let us for once act freely and aboveboard, unencumbered with enslaving prepossessions. Were there no visible creation, depend upon it, eyes had not been given us. Neither would our breasts have been ennobled by the aspirations and hopes of religion, were there not something before us in the shape of heavenly realities for those hopes and aspirations to grasp at.

Let us be reasonable, however. We must not look for preternatural interpositions when they are needless and would be out of place. Brute nature may be expected to go on as heretofore by a rule of its own. The miracles of that department (a few grand instances of the triumph of spiritual power over physical laws, for ends not physical, excepted) were finished in the act of creation itself; the whole sequel from thence downwards being but a train of developments in course. Admit it all. Yet what has this to do with our *religious* concerns, or the Divine economy respecting them? Are we to argue from brute nature to the *moral* administrations of the Deity? from matter to mind, from finite to infinite, from earth to heaven, from time to eternity? Here are topics of another sort—deep, vast, and of incomparable interest: topics, methinks, with which the notion of miracles sorts well. Experience comes not near them, at least on God's side of the subject. Reason itself beholds them far off and dimly. Nor is it possible to know the wonders they are big with but from him direct.

Indeed, a scheme of doctrine preparatory to the life to come, and undertaking to propound the conditions upon which the well-being of life depends, *must be divine*, (miraculously so,) *or it is nothing*. We require it to be such, in order to giving it our confidence. Men may carp as they will about the improbability of miracles; their carpings are for the hardened in heart, the mentally perverted, and intelligible to none else. Nature's children think and feel differently. To them, a visitation of angels, a message from the skies, comes never amiss, the fact alone considered. As religious beings we cannot be without miraculous instruction. Our acquaintance with the Divine character and government is not full and precise enough from other sources. Instead of satisfying our desires, it rather stimulates their eagerness for more exact and detailed information. We want to know the particulars of that law, from which the rule of conscience is to be taken, and by which the adjudications of the last day are to be meted out. What *in special* will the great rule have us do? Above all, we want to know, and upon authority, how his incurred displeasure may be turned aside, and his averted favor brought back. This is the vital point, and who shall clear it up for us if we do not? Whom else can we trust? It is a point which the heathen world has been struggling with these thousands of years without the least approach to an agreed result, insomuch that the inability of uninspired reason to quiet herself upon the subject has contributed largely, if not chiefly, to the skepticism of the worldly-wise in all ages; while on the other hand the extreme variety and diversity of religious inventions and practices observable among pagan nations, seem to show that reason, as if in despair of guiding men aright in the matter, has generally shrunk from the task, and left ignorance, and superstition, and blind hope and fear, to manage as they best might without her. [New York Observer.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF NEANDER.

BERLIN, July 22d.

Neander is no more! He who for forty-eight years has defeated the attacks upon the Church from the side of Rationalism and Philosophy—who through all the controversies among theologians in Germany, has remained true to the faith of his adoption, the pure and holy religion of Jesus Christ—Neander, the philosopher, the scholar—better, the great and good man—has been taken from the world.

Augustus Neander was born in Gottingen, of Jewish parentage, in 1787; studied at the Gymnasium at Hamburgh; at the age of seventeen was converted to Christianity and baptized. After his conversion he went to Halle to study Theology under Schleiermacher. Having completed his studies, he was first appointed in 1811 private lecturer in Heidelberg, and in 1812 Professor at the newly founded University in Berlin. He was never married, but lived with his maiden sister. Often have I seen the two walking arm in arm upon the streets and in the parks of the city. Neander's habit of abstraction and near-sightedness rendered it necessary for him to have some one to guide the way whenever he left his study to take a walk, or to go to his lecture-room. Generally, a student walked with him to the University, and just before it was time for his lecture to close, his sister could be seen walking up and down on the opposite side of the street, waiting to accompany him home.

Many anecdotes are related of him illustrative of his absence of mind, such as his appearing in the lecture room half-dressed,—if left alone, always going to his old residence, after he had removed to another part of the city,—walking in the gutter, &c. &c. In the lecture room, his manner was in the highest degree peculiar. He put his left arm over the desk, clasping the book in his hand, and after bringing his face close to the corner of his desk, effectually concealed it by holding his notes close to his nose.

In one hand was always a quill, which during the lecture, he kept constantly twirling about and crushing. He pushed the desk forward upon two legs, swinging it back and forth and every few minutes would plunge forward almost spasmodically, throwing one foot back in a way leading you to expect that he would the next moment precipitate himself headlong down upon the desks of the students. Twirling his pen, occasional spitting, jerking his foot backward, taken with his dress, gave him a most eccentric appearance in the lecture-room. Meeting him upon the street, with his sister, you never would have suspected that such a strange-looking being could be Neander. He formerly had two sisters, but a few years ago the favorite one died. It was a trying affliction, and for a short interval he was quite overcome; but suddenly he dried his tears, calmly declared his firm faith and reliance in the wise purpose of God in taking her to himself, and resumed his lectures immediately as if nothing had overtaken him to disturb his serenity.

Neander's charity was unbounded. Poor students were not only presented with tickets to his lectures, but were also often provided by him with money and clothing. Not a farthing of the money received for his lectures ever went to supply his own wants; it was all given away for benevolent purposes. The income from his writings was bestowed upon the Missionary, Bible and other Societies, and upon Hospitals. Thoughts of himself never seemed to have obtruded upon his mind. He would sometimes give away to a poor student all the money he had about him at the moment the request was made of him, even his new coat, retaining the old one for himself.

You have known this great man in your country more on account of his learning, from his books, than in any other way; but here, where he has lived, one finds that his private character, his piety, his charity, have distinguished him above all others. It would be difficult to decide whether the influence of his example has not been as great as that of his writings upon the thousands of young men who have been his pupils. Protestants, Catholics, nearly all the leading preachers throughout Germany have attended his lectures, and all have been more or less guided by him. While Philosophy has been for years attempting to usurp the place of Religion, Neander has been the chief instrument in combating it, and in keeping the true faith constantly before the students. Strauss's celebrated "Life of Jesus" created almost a revolution in the theological world. At the time of its appearance the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs consulted Neander's opinion as to the propriety of prohibiting its sale in Prussia. Neander, who at that time was reading lectures upon the Life of Christ, replied that as his opinions were in direct opposition to those of Strauss, he would write a book, in which he would endeavor to confute the dangerous positions taken by that author. He could not advise the prohibition of the work; it had already taken its place in the scientific world, and only could be put down by argument. "Our Saviour," said he, "needs not the assistance of man to maintain his Church upon earth." Neander's principal lectures were upon Church History, Dogmatics, Patristic Theology, and the books of the New Testament. His lecture-room was well filled, and one could see, from his earnest manner, that his whole soul was engaged in the work; that it was to him a labor of love. Neander's writings have been translated, and are well known in America. The principal among them are "Julian and his Times," 1812; "St. Bernard and his Times," 1813: "The Developement of the Gnostic System," 1818; "St. Chrysostom," 1822; History of the Christian Church, which has reached the tenth vol.; "The Anti-Gnostics," 1826; "Planting of the Church by the Apostles," 1832; "Life of Jesus," in reply to Strauss, in 1837.

He was better acquainted with the Church History and the writings of the Fathers than any one of his time. It has been the custom, upon the recurrence of his birth-day, for the students to present to him a rare edition of one of the Fathers, and thus he had come to have one of the most complete sets of their writings to be found in any library. Turning from his great literary attainments, from all considerations suggested by his profound learning, it is pleasant to contemplate the pure Christian character of the man. Although born a Jew, his whole life seemed to be a sermon upon the text, "That disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, *It is the Lord!*" Neander's life resembled more "that disciple's," than any other He was the loving John, the new church Father of our times.

His sickness was only of a few days' duration. On Monday he held his lecture as usual. The next day he was seized with a species of cholera. A day or two of pain was followed by a lucid interval, when the physicians were encouraged to hope for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his Church History, and then said to his sister. "I am weary, let us go home." He had no time to die. He needed no further preparation: his whole life had been the best preparation, and up to the last moment we see him active in his Master's service. The disease returned with a redoubled force, a day or two more of suffering, and on Sunday, less than a week from the day of attack, he was dead.

On the 17th of July I attended the funeral services. The procession of students was formed at the University, and marched to his dwelling. In the meantime, in the house, the theological students, the Professors from Berlin, and from the University at Halle, the clergy, relatives, high officers of government, etc., were assembled to hear the funeral discourse. Professor Strauss, for forty-five years an intimate friend of Neander, delivered the sermon. During the exercises the body, not yet placed in the coffin, was covered with wreaths and flowers, and surrounded with burning candles. The procession, which was of great length, was formed ot 10 A. M., and moved through Unterden Linden as far as Frederic street, and then the whole length of Frederic street as far as Elizabeth street Cemetery. The whole distance, nearly two miles, the sides of the streets, doors and windows of the houses were filled with an immense concourse of people who had come to look upon the solemn scene. The hearse was surrounded by students, some of them from Halle, carrying lighted candles, and in advance was borne the Bible and Greek Testament, which had ever been used by the deceased.

At the grave a choir of young men sang appropriate music, and a student from Halle made an affecting address. It was a solemn sight to see the tears gushing from the eyes of those who had been the pupils and friends of Neander. Many were deeply moved, and well might they join with the world in mourning for one who had done more than any one to keep pure the religion of Christ here in Germany.

After the benediction was pronounced, every one present, according to the beautiful custom here, went to the grave and threw into it a handful of dirt, thus assisting at the burial. Slowly, and in scattered groups, the crowd dispersed to their various homes.

How insignificant all the metaphysical controversies of the age, the vain teachings of man, appeared to us as we stood at the grave-side of Neander. His was a far higher and holier faith from which, like the Evangelist, he never wavered. In his life, in his death, the belief to which he had been converted, his watchword remained unchanged. "It is the Lord!" His body has been consigned to the grave, but the sunset glory of his example still illumines our sky, and will for ever light us onward to the path he trod.

[Corr. of Boston Traveller.

"OUR WILLS ARE OURS."

We have seldom met with a more beautiful, striking, and comprehensive thought

the eternal more or less change places as substantial and shadowy.

The change thus produced, the new feeling and purpose thus awakened, are strikingly described by the writer alluded to, in the remainder of the passage from which I have quoted: "Henceforth, my brothers, I will love you more. I will create for you more joys. I will give up my selfish employments, let alone my ambitious plans, and direct my powers to do you good." Are not these the feelings natural to the heart, when the thought of death is realized? Does it not strike through our selfishness as with a sword? Does it not dash our ambitious projects? Does it not turn the heart to thoughts and deeds of charity? Does it not quicken the pulse of benevolence? Does it not stir the wish to be useful? Does it not make us ashamed of low desires and mean passions? Does it not kindle aspiration after the highest good? Does it not prompt and nerve the soul to seek and to do that which cannot die? 'So short a time to live!'—is not this the feeling which the thought of death brings with it: 'So short a time to spend on earth! shall I not spend it well? So little while in this body, to serve my friends! shall I not improve it in doing them good? What is indestructible, save the good I do? What is worth living for, save the benefit of my brethren, and the blessedness of blessing others!'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, September 7, 1850.

CONCLUSION OF PROF. WEBSTER'S CAREER.

Terrible to contemplate as the close of the last act of this awful tragedy has been, the surrounding community will probably find a source of relief, and an occasion for gratitude, in the fact that it *is* closed. The murder,—the arrest,—the trial and sentence,—the second investigation before the Council, with the confession,—and the execution on the scaffold;—just five acts in this actual drama of life and death, crime and penalty.

We have no disposition to enlarge here afresh on the admonitory lessons of this distressing subject. Without any wish to shrink from it, out of a childish or over-exquisite sensitiveness of nerve, we yet feel ourselves more than justified in dismissing it now with no extended or elaborate discussion. After a full and frequent presentation of the appropriate moral warnings and suggestions inevitably growing out of the sad history, both in uncounted public journals, including our own, and we presume in most of the pulpits of the land,—warnings and suggestions of almost unparalleled variety and compass to be connected with any single deed of guilt,—embracing the dangers of uncontrolled passions, the treachery of indulged appetite, the cumulative mischiefs of a dishonestly expensive style of living, the tremendous accountability that impends over the smallest transactions, the incalculable effects of small indulgences of temper, the insufficiency of intellectual training and social rank without moral principle, the hollowness of fair appearances, the folly of the man demented by a remorseful conscience, the self-exposing tendencies of sin, the impotence of the most cunning falsehood, the subtle marks of fraud that will creep into the most careful and emphatic fabrications of dishonesty, the certainty of God's slightest agencies for detection and the skilfulness of man's, the indirect benefits conferred by scientific discoveries, the unspeakable value of simple truth in every exigency, the social and sympathetic horrors occasioned by a shocking enormity, the honor and dignity that accrue to faithful officers and jurymen and upright magistrates, and the beneficent security guranteed by our laws,—nothing seems to remain to be added here. Indeed, lessons so obvious, to the least reflecting minds, scarcely need a formal enforcement or interpretation.

Among the secondary thoughts occasioned by the final scenes of this history, we have been impressed, we must say, with the unspeakable preciousness of simple good sense,—good taste, good judgment, good tact. It is only necessary to imagine the offensive and disgusting spectacles that might have been presented at the execution, as well as before and after it, if the management of the religious and other ceremonies had been committed to weak and foolish men, to see how deeply the community are indebted to the judicious and careful counsels of a few persons,—among whom it will be not indelicate or invidious to mention particularly Dr. Putnam, Prof. Walker, and Mr. Sohier. Instead of the order and quietness that marked these melancholy yet intensely exciting proceedings, there might have been a needless stimulus to a morbid curiosity, jarring expressions, indecorous interruptions, and a degree of publicity as much forbidden by the intrinsic proprieties as by a decent respect for the feelings of the heaviest and bitterest mourners that the earth bears on its bosom. Nothing can be more injurious to the real interests of religion, and a due reverence for sacred things,—to say nothing of civil peace and restraints from contagious crime,—than what is called *making a case* of a dying culprit, whether repentant or obdurate. If we may refer to testimony of the most private character, there was a touching seclusion and serenity attending the final disposition of the body, and the last funeral observances, that went far to dispel the inevitable horrors that had gone before.

We copy, in our department of general intelligence, the main features of the account of the execution in the Evening Transcript, the most complete and exact report given. Much credit and many thanks are due from all Christian men for the entire regularity of measures, self-possession, dignity, promptitude, and solemnity, observed by the High Sheriff and the officers of the jail. While hundreds of thousands of hearts were beating with a quickened pulse, from end to end of the wide country,—at the appointed hours and during the preceding night,—while millions of nerves were tortured, invalids were suffering aggravations of their pain, and the stoutest frames tossing in troubled dreams,—the course of events in the dreary centre around which all this emotion revolved was calm, steady, deliberate, and altogether just.

Should it not weigh something, now, though never so little, for the mitigation of our judgment on the offender's guilt, the softening of our charity and the quickening of our compassion, that he won all those who saw him most in the last few weeks to a profound regard and even affection for him, by the simplicity, firmness, and apparent sincerity of his demeanor, as well as by the considerate kindness of his intercourse with them; that he sought in the most fervent terms for the forgiveness of those he had most fearfully wronged; and above all that he is now gone from before the bar of human opinions to his account with the Eternal Searcher of hearts!

We cannot bring these remarks to an end without a slight expression of our cordial appreciation of the singular ability, fidelity, and Christian tenderness, with which our esteemed friend and brother, Rev. Dr. Putnam, has borne himself through all the delicate and trying duties of his difficult situation.

SINS GREGARIOUS.

The most awful penalty of sin, is to be found in the fact that one sin almost inevitably pushes the guilty man forward into another. If when the wrong act were done, there was an end, or, at any rate, if all was over when some specific penalty had been endured, it would be comparatively of light moment. The terrible fact is, that it is not then all over. The first consequence of a wrong act is not merely that it subjects one to some particular outward suffering, but that it lowers and debases the general tone of the moral feelings. The man sinks under its weight to a lower moral level. The next consequence is that he finds himself drawn into other sins. The plague once in, it spreads beyond the ship which brought it, to the whole region round about. A falsehood requires a dozen more to hide it, and worst of all, dooms a man to the debasing consciousness of a false life. The boy that extracts from the drawer of his employer the means of buying a pleasure otherwise out of his reach, is not likely to stop there. He casts about for falsehoods with which to avert suspicion; impunity leads him to plunge deeper into dishonesty; new guilt requires new means of concealment; habitual deception is practised, books are altered, suspicion cast on others, and before long, he who lately was innocent, becomes utterly depraved and rotten. If he seeks the places of guilty pleasures, he becomes linked in with discreditable and bad companions, he loses his taste for the society of the pure and upright, and in a brief time can do habitually, what he would once have rather died than have done. In the history of guilt, it is surprising how large a part of the worst crimes grow directly out of, and are intended to cover, preceding acts of wrong. The housebreaker sets a house on fire, to conceal a theft. One who has been guilty of a dishonesty, endeavors to blot out the evidence of it in the blood of the injured man. Thus one crime prepares the way for another, by linking one in with corrupt associates, by alienating him from the ways and habits and companions of virtuous life, and by a fatality which seems to doom him who has once entered an evil way, and who does not stop and repent at once, to the necessity of going on farther. In that path he can never stand still. He must go backward the hard road of repentance, or forward in the way of guilt, deception and ruin. The man who opens his heart to one sin, finds a hundred rush in as its companions. It is with him as it was with Gernando in Tasso,—

> "The hidden devil that lies in close await
> To win the fort of unbelieving man,
> Found entry there where *ire* undid the gate,
> And in his bosom unperceived ran;
> It filled his heart with malice, strife and hate,
> It made him rage, blaspheme, swear, curse and ban,
> Invisible it still attends him near,
> And thus each minute whispereth in his ear."

THE REJECTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

Men are falsely said to reject Christianity. Can one reject the laws of this Commonwealth or this country, and yet continue to live within its borders? This we know is nominally done by here and there a fanatical despiser of the powers that be. But such men make a vain profession of non-allegiance. Let them once violate the law and they feel its power, and learn that it holds their liberty, prosperity and life within its grasp. They can escape it only by making themselves exiles. But from the commonwealth of God whither shall one flee? How elude the Omniscient eye, or pass from beneath the Omnipotent arm? Till this can be done, no man can reject Christianity. All that can be done is to illustrate its truth in the history of a ruined and lost soul. Hence infidelity can never be harmless, even if sincere. With regard to the Divine law, the maxim of jurisprudence, *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*,* holds good; for it is the law of human nature which cannot be violated without essential damage to the soul's peace and happiness, therefore the disavowal of Christianity, with whatever show of ingenuousness, is in no case to be regarded as a matter of slight moment. It is of immeasurable importance that one recognize in full those conditions of being, under which he must needs live, die, and live again and forever. God alone knows the fearful loss which must be sustained by the soul, which is led by sophistry or indifference to disown in form the law which in fact it is incapable of rejecting,—to deny in words the great Teacher, whose precepts point out the only safe path in life and the sure way to a happy immortality.

* Ignorance of the law excuses none.

RIDICULE THE TEST OF TRUTH.

Popular proverbs indeed sometimes embody the best wisdom and maturest experience of ages, but full as often transmit and perpetuate fallacies and falsities. We believe that the proverb which we have made our caption, is of very injurious tendency, and so far as it is confided in, is prejudical to the worthiest objects of faith and reverence. So far is ridicule from being the most perfect test of the true and the good, that there is nothing too sure or too sacred to be made ridiculous. How easy is it to set forth the most indubitable truths of science, the Copernican system for instance, or the theory of gravitation, in a style of burlesque, which would lead an uneducated mind to reject them as absurd! In the Comic Blackstone, those maxims of the law which are founded upon eternal principles of equity are made no less ridiculous, than those which are questionable, false or puerile. On moral and religious subjects, the mixed characters of the best men afford abundant room for the ridicule of what is in itself unquestionably good. Sincere piety, as it exists in the heart, cannot indeed be ludicrous; but its expression or manifestation may become so through the ignorance or false taste of its best exemplars. And the comic associations, which cluster about men's manners, cleave more or less to their whole characters. Scott and Wilson, in their delineations of the Covenanters, describe precisely the same moral and religious attributes; but, while Wilson groups around them all the associations of nature and circumstance that can give dignity and beauty to the picture, Scott makes the holiest and noblest portions of their characters ludicrous by transcribing all their harmless, yet laughable peculiarities of dress, speech and manners. While a ready wit may thus make the most praiseworthy traits of character ludicrous by their divorce from taste and refinement, it can on the other hand cast ridicule on the most tasteful and appropriate expressions of religious feeling, by contrasting them with the careless or hypocritical lives of those whose goodness consists wholly in profession. The very beauty of holiness when exhibited in such connections, excites a strong sense of incongruity, and offers a broad mark for jeers and scoffs.

Then again, ridicule may be poured upon goodness from sources over which the good man himself has no contol. We cannot conceive that the shaft of railing or scorn could have found any accessible point in the person of the all-perfect Redeemer, and those who sought his society for captious purposes went away saying, "Never man spake like him;" yet multitudes were no doubt deterred from giving serious heed to his instructions by their ludicrous associations with the uncouth garb, dialect and manners of the derided Galileans.

Let it be remembered also how easy it is to apply to any worthy trait of character a false name, derived from some folly or sin, that is near enough to it to be its caricature. Thus prudence may be derided under the name of cowardice, and frugality under that of meanness. Rigid, may easily be represented as morbid, conscientiousness, sincere and well-timed religious profession or utterance may be stigmatized as cant. That charity, which believes all things and hopes all things, may be sneered at as weak credulity. Zeal may be made to seem rashness, and strictness, intolerance.

Then too, a virtue may be ridiculed by selecting for remark its lesser, and suppressing its more prominent features. Thus, in the life of a rigidly circumspect and conscientious man, there are numerous little abstinences in doubtful matters, which, stated by themselves, would from their paltriness excite mirth; and yet, as viewed in connection with his whole manner of life, they only carry out in detail the symmetry and beauty of his character, which without them would lack consistency and delicacy of finish. It is said of Oberlin, that he extended his conscientiousness so far, as to be unwilling to misshape or slight a single letter in writing. This by itself sounds ridiculous; yet, as belonging to a life pervaded by the sense of duty, and consecrated to the greatest, while careful of the least obligations of the divine law, it only adds to our impression of the perfectness of his character. Many of the little things, that are done or omitted in a Christian family in the sacred observances of the Sabbath, might provoke a smile; yet they all have their place and office in facilitating or perfecting the essential arrangements of domestic piety.

It must yet farther be considered, that the position occupied by him who plies the weapons of ridicule may render objects, which are absolutely destitute of any ludicrous element, relatively ludicrous. Thus the mere pleasure-hunter tacitly assumes that outward gratification is the great end of life; and, that assumption granted, there are none of the higher demands of Christian duty that do not at once become ridiculous, and all religious concern or anxiety seems the height of absurdity. So too a determined and devoted worldling assumes that the aims and ends of business are the highest interests of man, and on that ground he has a right to ridicule all spirituality, all disinterestedness, all scrupulous integrity, all sacrifice of gain to principle. Thus also, the bond slave of fashion occupies a position, from which religious soberness, seriousness and earnestness, concern for the soul, living for eternity, seem utterly ludicrous, and are always liable to be represented as worthy of ridicule. Incongruity is always ridiculous; and to every man that which is incongruous with his own modes of thinking and feeling seems ridiculous, and may with a ready wit be made to appear so. This is a point of great importance in its practical aspects. It was said of old that an orator ought to be, first of all, a good man. Still more should a wit, in order to aim his ridicule where it belongs, be a good man,—otherwise what he can turn into jest, because it is incongruous with his own character, may belong to the highest and most sacred harmonies of duty and virtue.

RUTH.

There is perhaps no ancient record which less needs external proof of its authenticity, than this beautiful pastoral, so redolent is it throughout of the blended rudeness and refinement, simplicity and nobleness of patriarchal times and manners. The portrait of Boaz, the princely husbandman, his unstudied courtesy, his profuse hospitality, his munificent charity, the self-sacrifice of Ruth, and the unexacting love of Naomi, are all beyond the aim of fiction, and cannot but have been drawn from life. But there is one circumstance, seldom adverted to, which bears unanswerable historical testimony to the truth of the narrative. Ruth was a Moabitess, and, according to venerable Jewish tradition, nearly allied to the royal family. When her illustrious descendant, David, was hunted like a wild beast by Saul, and all his kindred were marked for vengeance, he went to the King of Moab, and said, "Let my father and mother, I pray thee, come forth, and be with you, till I know what God will do for me;" and the King gave them shelter and protection. Now the story of Ruth and this incident related in the first book of Samuel are the only instances, in which Israel and Moab appear in any other relations than those of implacable enmity. Must not the two be connected? Must not the fragrant memory of Ruth's virtues have lingered in the land of her birth, no less than in that of her adoption, so that for her sake David could claim an asylum for his parents? These two books, bearing incontrovertible marks of having been written by different authors, thus furnish valid evidence, each in behalf of the authenticity of the other.

Strange Incidents attending a Death.

The following is a statement of facts as they occurred,—as simple and short as we can make it. It would be easy to give wide play to sentiment and fancy, in connection with so striking and unusual an occurrence. Superstition might attach to it irrational fears, or hopes as groundless. We confess we hardly know what to do with events like these ourselves—breaking in, as they do, upon the settled order of our experience, and startling us with some new exception to the common course of our observations. They evidently belong to no system of distinct and intelligible communication from the other world to this. It is not easy to imagine a satisfactory plan of spiritual disclosures to which they would be harmoniously adjusted. In that sense they teach nothing; and yet to us they appear capable,—all inexplicable and exceptional as they clearly are, and though we cannot take the first step towards interpreting them,—they appear capable of leaving us more pure, more reverential, and more believing, than they find us. We rejoice in a Religion which does not exclude from among its subordinate confirmations the vaguest and most unintelligible mysteries, nor forbid even creatures less than human to be humble and dumb witnesses to its spiritual promises.

A gentleman, with some friends, was lately rambling over the rocks, near the water, in one of our sea-shore towns. His attention was presently attracted by a robin, full grown, and apparently quite unhurt, running in his path, flitting about his feet, and, contrary to the proverbially shy instinct of that bird, keeping very near him. He took it up in his hand, fondled it, patted its feathers, and, after showing it to the party, and remarking on its singular tameness, tossed it into the air. The next day, this gentleman, having put out from the adjacent beach in a boat, with four others, for a sail—on his return, and when within sight of land, by the capsizing of the boat, or a sudden leak sprung in her, was drowned with all his companions. His body was recovered, and a few days afterwards was buried, in a cemetery some twenty or thirty miles distant from the scene of the disaster.

The day after the burial, the grave was visited by his wife and his daughter. As they approached the spot, they were in hesitation for a moment,—not being familiar with the place,—which, of several new-made graves, was the one they were seeking. At this instant a tame but sprightly robin ran on the ground before them, and stood by them before the grave of the husband and father. One of them took it up and caressed it, and after some remark about the singularity of its conduct, let it go—when it flew down, alighted on the raised mound over the grave, and laid itself close to the earth. The daughter immediately took it up again, and it was dead.

REVELATION.

Revelation means *unveiling*. It denotes the disclosure of old truth, not the creation of new. In this sense it is peculiarly applicable to Christianity, which is simply an exposition of the constitution, essential relations and fundamental laws of the human soul. It was not new when Christ revealed it. It had always been the religion of heaven. Angels and ransomed men had, in their higher state of being, owned its truths and kept its laws,—otherwise heaven would not have been heaven. There is not a principle of the gospel, which could ever have been dispensed with in a community of pure and happy spirits. Nor yet were its principles new in their operation in this world, though the earlier revelation of them had been imperfect and fragmentary. There never was a time, when men's well-being and happiness did not depend on the degree of their conformity to the law of Christ; while the loathsome forms of vice in the ancient world, together with the desolation and misery which they created, exhibited the inevitable working of the same law in its retributive penalties. Thus had man been subject to the attraction of gravitation in every mechanical operation, nay, in every movement of the foot or arm, from creation downward, though none knew it till two or three centuries ago. We adduce this view, in opposition to that in which Christianity is represented as a technical, artificial system, an afterthought of the Deity. We like the title of the skeptical book, "Christianity as old as the Creation;" and there is no other consideration, on which it so strongly commends itself to our reverence, as that which presents it as the divinely written physiology of man's spiritual and immortal nature.

EXPERIENCING RELIGION.

We like this phrase, but dislike the way in which it is commonly used, which implies that some men experience religion, while others do not. Every man experiences religion;—if not its joys, its penalties,—if not to his salvation, to his condemnation and woe. Our whole lives are a prolonged experience of Christianity, in the constant operation of its laws and realization of its sanctions. Thus there can be no truer religious experience, than that of the man, to whom it was said when he commenced life, "Seek first first the kingdom of God," but who judged otherwise, sought other things first, and found them too, so that he is a mark for the envy of hundreds and is currently said to have all that heart could wish; yet care never leaves his brow, his air is that of one who nurses some hidden grief, and, as the mists of age gather around him, not a ray of light breaks in upon them from a higher sphere of being. Is not he experiencing religion in that fundamental article of its law,—"He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption?" What but a most fearful religious experience is that of the profligate, still in the prime of life, whose already sensualized countenance, enfeebled energies, dismantled intellect, and remorseful consciousness, bear the inscription, to be read of all men;—"The wages of sin is death!" In fine, the place which every man occupies as a moral being, the measure of his happiness or his misery, the amount of moral power, to which his one talent, five or ten, has increased or dwindled, are all items of religious experience,—they have been determined, they determine themselves every hour by the laws of Christianity.

MUSICAL CONVENTION.

An annual meeting of persons of both sexes and from all parts of the country, engaged in teaching vocal music, has just taken place in Boston. They numbered over one thousand, and were in session the whole of the past week.

They have had during a part of each day, a sort of Musical Normal School. The rest of the time has been devoted to the performance of music, generally of a high order. We are not disposed to complain that some of it was of indifferent quality, because the demand for such unwholesome musical food is diminishing, and the improved taste which these meetings encourage, will certainly in the end reject it. Perhaps objection may be made to the interested objects which the promoters of these meetings have, in the introduction of their own books to the public, new ones being produced for each Convention; but practically it is of little consequence. If the books are good, the more we have the better, and if bad, they are in a fair way to be exposed. In point of fact they improve, being doubtless aided by the trial to which each year's Convention subjects them.

Whatever may be the temporary objects of the Association, they are very likely to be lost sight of as the meetings increase in importance, till finally we may come to have a great Annual Festival like those which are held in Germany. However this may be, the effect of one thousand teachers of music coming together every year must be to add dignity to their calling, and tend greatly to purify and advance the musical taste of the country.

[For the Register.]

ACTIVITY ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

When the professed friends of any moral or spiritual reform are cold and inactive in the work, contenting themselves with having it known in the community that they are friendly to these movements, then the reform will not prosper, or accomplish its work. Such persons wish well to the cause, but put forth no effort on their part to promote its onward progress. There are too many such in the world—were it not so, the principles of morality and religion would be more widely diffused and find additional supporters and adherents.

You will find some such in almost every moral or religious association—who, with the excitement of the moment, or with the desire of *appearing* benevolent, have enlisted in its ranks; but after a while, the novelty of the thing wears away, and they absent themselves from its meetings, and take no active part whatever in the movements.

Again, there are other philanthropists, who, at the approach of the warm season, think that they can leave the work till the cool weather, and rest in inglorious ease during this part of the year. This is a strange doctrine. Do not souls need to be saved—do not children need to be instructed in our Sunday Schools—do not men need to be reclaimed from the paths of vice and dissipation? Do not all these things need to be done in summer as well as winter? Unceasing, untiring action is necessary to carry any good work to a successful issue.

In political movements it is seen that the party who is the most active in spreading its principles is generally the most successful. How much more zealously should we labor in those movements which have for their object the moral and spiritual happiness of our fellow-men! Neither should we relax our efforts because the results do not flow at *once* from our labors, but ever press onward and upward, nothing daunted or discouraged.

They who are faithful will at all seasons be found at their posts, remembering that while life shall last, duty requires them to be ever active in doing good.

Never should we connect ourselves with any moral or religious association that we cannot give the time and attention which it requires—or permit any trifling engagement to keep us from the post of duty.

Whatever work we engage in, let us have our heart in it, and then we shall not falter or faint, till the victory is won. E.

NORMAL SCHOOL AT BRIDGEWATER.

It was our privilege to visit this excellent school week before last, and we cannot resist the inclination to speak of the favorable impression made upon us. Mr. Tillinghast has now been at its head ten years, during which time six hundred pupils have gone out from it as teachers. The government is mild but strict; the instruction exact and thorough. We have never been in a school which we should be so ready to hold up as a model school, and have known no teacher whose influence over his pupils was more entirely what we should wish it to be than Mr. Tillinghast's. You feel on entering the doors that there is a moral and intellectual atmosphere pervading the place—an enthusiasm in the cause of education—a wide-awake, active, energetic zeal seeking here to strengthen itself by the wisest methods of instruction and the highest principles of duty.

Sixty young persons are every year brought under these influences, and after being for a year subjects of this training, are scattered abroad as teachers through the land. Each pupil thus becomes as a teacher the centre of a new sphere, diffusing knowledge, awakening new interest, and extending improved methods of instruction. Our public schools through the country are already sensibly benefited, and the improvement must go on with an accelerated progress.

The annual meetings of the old scholars of the Normal School are of the most interesting and useful character,—old friends coming from all quarters to encourage, stimulate and instruct one another, to meet their common benefactor and strengthen his heart, and to infuse new zeal and a new sense of the moral dignity of their calling into the minds of those just entering upon their studies. We can hardly over-estimate the value of such gatherings,—still less the value of such schools. No step, we believe, has been taken during the present century, which promises more for the education and, through that, for the best improvement of the community in which we live than the establishment of Normal Schools.

VINDICTIVE PUNISHMENTS.

If our correspondent J. F. will refer again to the article which he comments upon, he will find that we maintain precisely what he is contending for. All that we undertook to say in our leading editorial, August 3, was, that while the written law of Christ remained unchanged, the views of men, respecting its requirements, have undergone great changes. "Vindictive punishments," we said, "until recently, have been regarded as in accordance with the Divine will and example, and the law of retaliation has been deemed as much a law of the Gospel as if Christ had not abrogated it." We stated what we considered a fact, but without the remotest idea of justifying it. Indeed the practice referred to was condemned by the whole purport of our article. With regard to the question whether Christ did or did not annul any part of the old dispensation, we would ask our friend J. F. what our Saviour meant when he told the Jews, that Moses, because of the hardness of their hearts, allowed certain things? Does it not mean that certain things were permitted temporarily, in the Mosaic system because men were not then prepared for anything better?

Died on Sunday morning, September 1st, Mrs. ELIZA SUSAN QUINCY, aged 77, and for more than fifty-three years the wife of Hon. Josiah Quincy. Mrs. Quincy was a rare example of fidelity and devotedness in all the relations of life. The almost public position which she so long occupied seemed only to strengthen her domestic affections. Her extreme devotion to them immediately around her, did not prevent her identifying herself with her husband in his public labors; while the private calls of charity found her sympathies always alive and her hand ready. We remember with peculiar interest, her attention to sick and friendless students in college, who were looked after by her with a mother's kindness. Her children may well arise up and call her blessed; her husband well may praise her; and many who knew and respected her while living, will continue to cherish her memory with pleasant thoughts and grateful benedictions.

We learn that Rev. George L. Prentiss has accepted the unanimous call from the 2d Presbyterian Church in Newark, N. J. to become associate Pastor with Rev. Dr. Condit, and has tendered his resignation as Pastor of the Trinitarian Church in this city.—[New Bedford Mercury.

We do not know why differences in regard to some religious questions should prevent our expressing the sympathy we feel both for Mr. Prentiss and for the Society which he is leaving. His ministry has been a useful and successful one. His fidelity in his duties has won for him the warmest attachment of his parishioners, while his social worth, his superior abilities, and the purity of his character have secured general respect.

[For the Register.]

HENRY DORR.

Henry Dorr, who died lately at Keene, N. H. at the age of 70, was the youngest of a large family of brothers, several of whom, of well known worth and respectability, survive him, with the eldest, Mr. John Dorr, of Boston at their head. After an arduous and for the most part successful experience in sea life, Capt. H. Dorr retired, some twenty-five years ago, to the beautiful village above mentioned.

The character of his mind shrewd, honest, and exact, his disposition amiable, lively, and hearty in his hospitable mansion, Mr. D. enjoyed, but not selfishly, the leisure and ease allotted to the latter half of his days. Devoted to his family, attentive to his social obligations, of ready sympathies with young and old, and, though childless, remarkably fond of children,—with a kind and cheerful word for every one,—alive to the calls of humanity, and prompt to relieve the distressed, and never weary of doing little offices of kindness to those around him. Mr. Dorr was not only a hospitable gentleman, but a cordial friend and a good neighbor, a man, in short, of generous affections with deeds and habits corresponding, and, accordingly, the vacancy, left by his departure, is that of one who lived much beloved, and died sincerely lamented. S.

MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE. August, 1850. No. 133. By Freeman Hunt, New York. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Church of the Disciples—Rev. Mr. Clarke.

We cannot better express our sympathy both with the Second Church and the Church of the Disciples, than by quoting the following paragraphs from the *Religious Magazine*. It is our trust that before long our Brother Clarke's health may be restored, and that he may again be able to resume his most useful, faithful and devoted labors in this city. His absence is one which will be felt in every religious and philanthropic enterprise, and be the cause of deep regret alike to those amongst whom he has ministered, to his brethren, and to the community.

SECOND CHURCH IN BOSTON. Hardly any recent event among our parishes has transpired, which it gives us more sincere pleasure to record, than the purchase of the Freeman Place Church by the Society under the charge of Rev. Chandler Robbins. It has been bought at a very moderate price, and is well calculated, by its position and structure, to meet the wants of this congregation. Great credit is due to the present members of the parish, both for their perseverance, unity and fidelity, under all the adverse and disheartening conditions that have beset them ever since the erection of the costly church on Hanover street, and now especially for the zeal and courage manifested in this new movement. Though obliged for a long time to worship in a hall used mostly for secular purposes, they have held together. And in the purchase of the building where they are to meet henceforth, they have made liberal provision for the poor. We trust, and are quite sure, that hereafter, their history is to be peaceful, and their prosperity steadfast. We rejoice that the ancient and precious associations belonging to this venerable church are to be preserved, and are still to cluster about a fixed religious home. We rejoice that an orderly and earnest society of our brethren are to continue to receive the ministrations of a friend and teacher, whom we have always regarded as something like a model of what a parish minister, in his various offices, should be.

Mixed with this satisfaction, however, is a cordial regret that another of our brethren, Rev. Mr. Clarke, is obliged to abandon his post on account of ill health, and to relinquish, or at least suspend, his favorite project of conducting a society on those eclectic principles that have formed the basis of the parish hitherto worshipping in Freeman Place. In losing him from our immediate fellowship, we miss a cultivated scholar, a strong and independent thinker, an untiring laborer in the best causes, a generous, humane, large-hearted man. [Monthly Religious Magazine.

Notices of New Publications.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 5. By B. J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers. Boston, for sale by Crosby & Nichols.

This number describes the scenes and events which belong to the Revolutionary Period, in the Mohawk Valley and New Jersey. When this work was commenced, we had but little idea what its worth would be. It is really not only a valuable work, but one of peculiar value. The author, who shows himself admirably qualified for the task, has spared no labor or pains in its preparation. We can heartily commend it to those who feel any interest in the history of the Revolution.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for September has come to hand. Does the religious community know how able, how rich in thought and how pure and high in its religious tone, this admirable periodical is?

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 330.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Decidedly the great event of the week has been the arrival, at New York, of JENNY LIND, the Swedish Nightingale. The New York papers are filled with accounts of her passage across the ocean, of her arrival and the welcome she received, and of her appearance and doings. Thirty or forty thousand persons are said to have been assembled on the piers when she arrived, who welcomed her with the greatest enthusiasm. Probably no foreigner has ever received a heartier welcome to our shores than this untitled and unrivalled daughter of song. She came in the steamship Atlantic, and will remain in the country for a considerable period.

The crowd blockaded the way to the steamer as she came to the wharf; the streets were thronged, young men were ambitious to take the place of the horses which were to draw her into the city, and for a time it was impossible for her carriage to move from its place. Immense multitudes during the evening crowded round the house where she lodged; the shadow of any one who might be mistaken for her, was greeted with the most rapturous shouts, and altogether there was quite a humiliating display of vulgar enthusiasm. We would have this interesting young woman received with every possible kindness, and every reasonable mark of respect; but we do hope that our citizens will not by their foolish extravagance forfeit their self-respect and make themselves the laughing stock of the world, while at the same time they only mortify the victim of their devotions.

The foreign news which came by the Atlantic is not of much importance. The most interesting event which had occurred in England, if we may judge by the descriptions in the English papers, was Jenny Lind's farewell to Europe and embarcation for America. The Liverpool papers contain glowing accounts of the whole affair. The condition of Ireland is represented as gradually improving, and the hope is expressed that a better day is dawning upon that unhappy country.

The President of the French Republic was making a tour through some of the provinces of France, but had not been received with the enthusiasm which attended his first year's progress. In some towns which he visited, the significant cry of "*A bas Napoleon*," was raised, as he passed along.

The Schleswig Holstein war was still raging. Another naval engagement has taken place, and there is no prospect of immediate peace.

In Sardinia a rupture has occurred between the government and the church, on account of a law which has been lately passed forbidding ecclesiastics to be tried by their own courts, and making them amenable to the same courts as the laity. The clergy demand a repeal of the law, and the Pope has threatened the kingdom with excommunication if this demand is not complied with. The ministry are preparing to meet the storm, and the Protestants in the kingdom are taking advantage of the occasion to propagate with great boldness their own views. It will be interesting to see what the result will be of a contest, in the nineteenth century, between a Catholic country and the head of the Catholic Church. That such a contest is going on is an omen of no little significance. The party opposed to the Church threaten to dissolve the ecclesiastical establishments, and to confiscate the property of the clergy, or rather of the Church.

The mail from Naples brings an account of the solemn abrogation by the king of the Neapolitan Constitution or Statute. Everything but the name of a constitution has long since been destroyed in that kingdom. This last act of the terrible tragedy which has been enacted there, is not therefore of great importance or entirely unexpected.

The New York State Agricultural Fair was opened at Albany on Wednesday last. No effort or expense has been spared to render the Fair worthy of the great State in which it is held, and which it represents. At the time our paper went to press, we had seen no detailed account of the exhibition.

A grand National Educational Convention has been lately held in Philadelphia. The roll of the Convention contained 108 names, representing New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, District of Columbia, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, Maryland, Louisiana, Iowa, Maine, and New Hampshire. The members were nearly all teachers. We learn from one of the members from Massachusetts that the occasion was a highly interesting one. Most of the subjects appertaining to education were freely discussed, and the different systems of teaching, &c., which exist in different sections of the Union were compared. Much good cannot fail to result from such meetings. The venerable Dr. Mott of Union College was chosen President of the Convention.

In New York a Convention of the Instructers of the Deaf and Dumb was held last week in Fiftieth street. The sessions continued for three days, and the interest manifested on the occasion augurs well for the cause which the Convention discussed.

THE TOPSFIELD CELEBRATION.—Yesterday was the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the pleasant, and, of course, ancient town of Topsfield—or, as it was called by the Indians, before the incorporation of the town in 1650, *Sheeweenemeady*, and by the whites, New Meadows. Topsfield was settled by the whites about the year 1642. The weather was delightful beyond compare. The people of all the neighboring towns flocked in to do honor to the occasion. They were received with warm hospitality.

The services on the occasion were under the shade of trees, on the side of a beautiful hill. The oration, by N. Cleaveland, Esq., was a performance of unsurpassed eloquence and ability. The festivities in the tent were heightened by all the charms which beauty, intelligence, patriotism, and historical sentiment can give to such an occasion. About 1000 persons, of both sexes, were assembled at the table, spread by the skill and experience of Mr. Wright. Dr. Huntington, ex-mayor of Lowell, presided, and several speeches were delivered.

In the procession, and on the ground, were several very striking memorials of the olden time—particularly three or four couples, in the ancient pilgrim costume, such as marked the higher conditions of life, full wigs, three cornered hats, immense ruffles on breast and wrist, hoods, knee buckles, and the like. The good wives rode on pillions behind their husbands, in the procession. There was, among other things, a curious display of ancient New England implements of agriculture. In short Topsfield did the thing in a style never surpassed, and none who participated in the celebration will cease to remember it with pleasure. An Ode, written for the occasion by Miss H. F. Gould, was sung in the grove. [Salem Gazette, Aug. 30.

FRIENDLY WISHES. At a late Abolition Convention held in Ohio the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That this Convention is full of joy at the declining state of American religion, as seen in the absence of revivals, the drooping condition of all the popular churches, and the utter extinction of many of them; the small number of candidates for the ministry at the theological seminaries, and the frequency with which the ministers escape from the sectarian pulpit into the less mischievous and far more honest and laudable occupations. And we cannot but hope and pray that as its terrible sacraments on the hearts, the hopes and happiness of millions of slaves, whose enslavement it has so long sanctified by its fellowship, its sermons, and prayers, shall end, and it shall sink to a speedy and ignominious grave, that then it shall be followed by the coming of the kingdom of righteousness and peace, when man shall no more lift up the sword or the shackle against his fellow man; when a slave or a slaveholder shall no more be known; but when, emphatically, every man, in every face shall meet a brother and a friend.

CALIFORNIA GOLD. In the 'Voyage Round the World,' by Captain George Shelvock, begun Feb., 1740, he says of California (Harris's Collection, vol. i. p. 233,) "The soil about Puerto, Seguro, and very likely in most of the valleys, is a rich black mould, which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun appears as if it intermingled with gold dust; some of which we endeavored to purify and wash from the dirt; but though we were a little prejudiced against the thoughts that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, some of it; and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied, I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China." How an accident prevented the discovery, more than a century back, of the golden harvest now gathering in California!

Mrs. Alice Bacon, widow of Rev. David Bacon, and mother of Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, died on the second inst. The New Haven Journal says that she was the first American female missionary to the Heathen beyond the Old Thirteen, having accompanied her husband on the mission to the Chippewa Indians, in the year 1801, when she was only 19 years old. They underwent many hardships and dangers on their missionary journeys, (when nearly the whole route west of Schenectady was a wilderness,) and during their residence at Mackinaw, where they were stationed for many years, their lives were repeatedly in danger from the savages, and on one occasion her infant child, (now the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven,) was taken from her by a band of Indians, who, however, soon restored it, having had no other purpose than to gratify their curiosity at the sight of a white baby, the first ever seen by them.

MELANCHOLY EVENT. We regret to learn of the very sudden and melancholy death of Mr. Alexander Hale, son of Hon. Nathan Hale, of this city. From a letter received by his father this morning, it appears that the deceased, who was engaged at Pensacola, Fla., in surveying a route for a railroad, on the 24th ult., in company with a boat's crew from the U. S. schooner Flirt, went to the assistance of a schooner which had gone ashore in a severe storm. The noble crew made one trip to and back from the schooner in safety, but on returning to render still further aid, their boat capsized, and Mr. Hale was drowned. The deceased was not far from 23 years of age, and a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1847. He was an excellent scholar, and a highly accomplished young man, and leaves a large circle of relatives and friends in this city and vicinity, to mourn his sudden and untimely end. [Journal.

DANIEL P. PARKER, Esq. We

PROFESSOR JOHN WHITE WEBSTER.

We have compiled from the Evening Traveller and Transcript, but mostly from the latter, the particulars of the last hours and final execution of Prof. Webster. The sensation throughout the whole community was one of the most solemn and affecting interest. We trust, in accordance with his dying wish, the feelings of his fellow men may now be softened towards the guilty man who has made all the atonement in his power for the dreadful crime which he had committed, and that his example may serve always as a solemn warning to all who need it.

THE PRISONER.

A few facts relating to the closing days of the mortal life of John White Webster may not be inappropriately mentioned as introductory to the brief story of his death this day on the gallows. Should these facts conflict with the theories and prepossessions of those persons who think there was no redeeming trait in the man's character, that he was utterly bad, a sort of moral monster, the facts will be none the less true, and as such proper to be uttered. Those who would attribute his demeanor to duplicity, affectation or constitutional frigidity, will, we think, be as much in error as those, who would see in every declaration of contrition or sentiment of religious satisfaction and hope the sign of a thoroughly purified soul and renovated heart. No one seemed more aware of this than Professor Webster himself. He distrusted the depth and efficacy of his own remorse; he prayed fervently for a more searching penitence; and wished that no parade should be made before the public of his religious pretensions, or of the fact that so vile a sinner as he, had dared to hope for mercy from the Almighty.

To those who would repudiate this view of the state of his mind, we would say in the words of Shakspeare,—

> "Consider this,—
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy."

The conduct of the prisoner towards his friend and adviser in spiritual matters, the Rev. Dr. Putnam, has been throughout of the most considerate character. He has ever showed a forwardness to render his visits as little painful as, under the circumstances, they could be; and Dr. P. has frequently been surprised to find his allotted hour so quickly passed. The prisoner has spared him all superfluous excitement, and preserved at all times a composure favorable to the pleasant discharge of the duties Dr. Putnam had assumed.

INTERVIEW WITH HIS FAMILY.

Professor Webster was visited as usual by his family Thursday afternoon; and they remained with him nearly four hours. There is every reason to believe that they left entirely ignorant as to the day of his execution. The prisoner had felt great anxiety in regard to this closing interview, lest he should betray himself. When it was over he was greatly relieved and spoke cheerfully. He had detected no sign of a recognition of the fact that this was their last interview in the demeanor of his family. Neither had the jailer. To the latter, as they left the cell, they addressed some remarks plainly indicating their expectation of re-visiting the prisoner. An immense crowd had assembled in Leverett street, and about the jail to see the unhappy family as they issued; but Mr. Andrews took Mrs. Webster and her family through his own house to a door opening on Lowell street, where a carriage was waiting, and they thus escaped the scrutiny and remarks of the multitude.

One incident, which seemed to affect happily the spirits of the prisoner, during the interview with his family, may be worthy of mention. For several months they have been in the habit of reading the bible to him in his cell, taking the chapters of the New Testament in regular course, without skipping. The chapter which thus came up yesterday, and was read, was that exultant and consoling chapter, the 15th in Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, in which occur the words,—

> Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.
> Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,
> In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.
> For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality
> So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.
> O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
> The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.
> But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The prisoner seemed much impressed by the coincidence, which had, without calculation on any one's part, given this chapter to be read at his last interview with his family, and on the last day of his earthly existence. He recurred to the incident, after the interview, with very obvious pleasure; and seemed to derive much hope and consolation from the inspired assurances of the Apostle as to the resurrection of the dead, sown "in dishonor" and "in weakness."

THE PRISONER'S LAST NIGHT.

The last interview of Dr. Putnam on Thursday with the prisoner took place between half past 7 and 9 in the evening. Officers Jones and Leighton were present in the cell, by the Sheriff's orders. Dr. Putnam wished more privacy, and the matter was finally compromised by dismissing the officers, and having Mr. Gustavus Andrews, the jailer, alone present. Of this interview we cannot say much. There was no confession contradictory of that already made by the prisoner. Professor Webster declared himself willing to die on the gallows, as "a partial expiation of the great wrong he had done to society."

His serenity he said was established on religious conviction. He alluded to the ceremony of his execution, and remarked that if he faltered it would be through no fear of dying, through no effect upon him of the horrible surroundings and accompaniments of his doom; but because of his misgivings as to the efficacy of his own repentance, as to the future, to which he was going; because of the "clouds" that might come over his spirit at the last. He hoped, however, that he should bear up—arranged that he should be tied by Mr. Andrews in preference to any other officers—and said that he expected to be tranquil during the night, although he might not sleep.

After Mr. Putnam retired, Prof. Webster resumed reading of the Scriptures, which he alternated with inward and inaudible prayer during which the two officers preserved perfect silence. Occasionally he would close the Bible, and burying his face in his hands, seem rapt in supplication and thought.

INCIDENTS.

During a great part of the day yesterday the prisoner occupied himself with setting aside little memorials for those few friends, in whose charitable feelings towards him, when he was gone, he might hope. He selected a number of his books, and wrote in them the names of several persons, towards whom he wished to express some recollection of past obligations and favors. He seemed to take much interest in this occupation.

He eat a little fresh fruit during the day, and exhibited little or no nervousness or physicial agitation. Those who have conversed with him of late have felt little apprehension as to his committing suicide. He was evidently fully impressed with a sense, that it was the crime, and not the gallows, that made the shame. Mr. Sohier, counsel for the prisoner, visited him during the day, and took leave of him.

Quite a number of applications have been made to see the prisoner during the last two weeks. Clergymen from various parts of the country have sought an interview; and he has received numerous letters of an admonitory or consoling nature. The interviews he has, in most instances, declined. The letters he has read. Indeed, throughout his imprisonment, he has kept up his interest in outward affairs, although his thoughts have seemed to be mainly devoted to studies and meditations appropriate to his situation.

The cell of Professor Webster was No 5 in the east corner of the criminal department of the jail; the same cell in which Washington Goode was confined.

THE NIGHT.

After his family left, Dr. Webster was thoroughly searched, and his cell whitewashed. Constable E. J. Jones and Jail Officer Leighton were then placed in the cell with him. He received them quite affectionately, and they speak of his conduct throughout the night as being that of child-like submission to his impending fate. There could be no doubt in their minds they say, that nothing was feigned, and that therefore their unwelcome task would be comparatively light. He spoke often during the night, of the morrow, and of the manner of his death, apparently with firmness. Dr. Putnam left him at nine o'clock. Afterwards, until about midnight, he conversed with his watchers, his conversations being principally of a religious character. At midnight, he fell into a sort of doze, but did not seem to sleep heavily. He would awake, converse, and fall to sleep again. The usual sounds of returning day seemed to agitate him, but he soon recovered his composure, and when the watchers left, he was perfectly calm.

Mr. Jones, who was one of the watchers, was also the officer who had him in custody at the time of his trial. Upon entering his cell last night, he was instantly struck by the absence in Mr. Webster of that irritability so obvious at the time of trial. All appeared to be resignation to his fate. Mr. Jones was deputed to search him for the purpose of ascertaining that he had nothing dangerous about his person. To this duty Mr. J. proceeded with great reluctance, which upon being perceived by Mr. Webster, he smiled, and said, putting his hand on Mr. J.'s neck, search me, you will find nothing. I shall tell you all about myself, by and by, and you will then see that there is no fear. Nothing was found upon him, save his watch, about a dollar in change, and a little tobacco. After Dr. Putnam left, he continued to read passages from the Bible, until exhausted, when he requested Mr. Jones to read to him. Many passages referring to his case, and condemnatory of his peculiar offence, were marked in his Bible; and in other books pieces of poetry of similar tenor. He seemed to rejoice that his days of suffering and trial were about over, and that he had been granted time for repentance. He regretted, he said, to leave his friends, but he was unworthy of them. He selected several verses of poetry to be read to him, that had reference to the dangers of dissipation in early life.

FRIDAY.

The gallows was erected soon after sunrise this morning in the area of the jail. Every blow that was struck by the workmen smote on the ear of the prisoner, and must have affected him unutterably, although he had prepared himself by anticipation for the dreadful sound. The sheriff had fixed the hour of nine for the execution.

The prisoner partook of a slight breakfast, of which he invited two officers of the jail to partake, and afterwards furnished them with cigars, but he did not smoke himself. At this moment the condemned criminal was singularly calm, manifesting more self-possession than the officers themselves where enabled to command.

At an early hour this morning, those persons who had been furnished with passes, began to assemble in the Jail yard. They numbered about 150, consisting of many merchants, professional men, and we are sorry to say, also many young men. The constables, police officers, and other city officers, to the number of about one hundred and twenty-five, kept order within and without the walls of the Jail. This force was only about twenty-five more than the number present at the time when Goode was executed.

Upon the arrival of Dr. Putnam, this morning, he immediately entered the prisoner's cell, and was with him for more than an hour in administering to him the consolations of religion. Afterwards, at Dr. Webster's request, the officers of the Jail were sent for; and when they entered, he thanked them, in affectionate terms, for their many kind attentions, and for their considerate conduct during his long confinement.

The legal witnesses of the execution, headed by the Sheriff and his deputies, and followed by the spectators generally, then entered the archway to the cell. The prisoner knelt before a chair in the centre of the cell; Dr. Putnam, standing in the door-way, offered a short, but fervent prayer. He prayed for a brother now about to pass from this life of sin; to be removed from this world to another. He invoked for him the aids of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his repentance might be accepted, and be accounted to him as such in the sight of the Searcher of all hearts. He prayed that the hopeful hope of forgiveness that the prisoner had been permitted to entertain, might be realised in a blissful fruition. He prayed fervently for the family, that the same grace and mercy might sustain them in their great affliction, and enable them to support it with resignation and humble hope. He also prayed for those who had been bereaved by the transgressions of the condemned man; for the ministers of the law, who, while they performed their bounden duty, did it with mercy and tenderness; that the memories and admonishments of this hour might be sanctified to all who stood before God, mortal, and soon to die. We commit (he said) thy child to thee, and while he bows himself to the law, behold him an humble suppliant at the throne of Him who tempers justice with mercy, and receiveth the contrite heart. Open the doors of thy mansion, that he may enter. Do more and better for him than we can ask or think.

At the conclusion of this prayer, the spectators retired from the arch. The arms of the condemned were pinioned to his side, and the procession marched to the scaffold. By the side of the condemned was his faithful religious counsellor and adviser, who had promised to ascend with him, and be present at the parting scene. No sign of faltering could be observed as he ascended the steps. He appeared subdued, as one conscious of having committed a great sin, for which he was about to suffer.

As he stepped upon the drop, he looked round for his faithful friend, Dr. Putnam, who was by his side, and entered into an apparently earnest conversation with him. At almost every word Dr. Webster bowed his head, as if what he was saying was emphatically the outpouring of his heart.

During this conversation Sheriff Eveleth was reading the death warrant, which was in the usual form of such documents, commanding the execution of John W. Webster on the 30th of August, by hanging, and to fail thereof at his peril.

At the conclusion of the reading of the warrant, Dr. Webster shook hands with Dr. Putnam, who took of him a final farewell.

The prisoner was then seated, while Mr. Andrews proceeded to confine his elbows by a strap, which also passed round the body and tied the hands crosswise in front. Another strap was bound around the legs, just above the knees.

After the prisoner had again risen upon his feet, the rope was drawn down and adjusted around his neck by Deputy Sheriff Rugg. The knot was placed a little behind the right ear; and the rope being by accident drawn too closely, the culprit's countenance became flushed and his eyes filled with tears, when the noose was instantly slackened.

The black cap was drawn over the head by Messrs. Rugg and Holmes; thus shutting out forever from the prisoner's mortal vision the beautiful sunlight and blue sky of this fair summer day.

The flushed appearance of the prisoner's face continued as the cap was descending; and, to the last moment, he turned his eyes sideways upon Dr. Putnam, who stood at the left, leaning upon the railing, and much affected.

Sheriff Eveleth announced, that in the name of the Commonwealth he should now proceed to carry into effect the sentence of the law, and immediately placing his foot upon the drop, the prisoner fell some seven feet and a half; and his mortal career was at an end. This took place at 25 minutes before ten o'clock.

The body swayed to and fro; and in a few seconds after the fall there was a spasmodic drawing-up of the legs, once or twice. Beyond this there was no observable struggle; nor was there any subsequent agitation or quivering of the body.

After hanging thirty minutes the body was examined by Doctor Henry G. Clark, City Physician, and by Dr. Charles H. Stedman of the Lunatic Hospital, South Boston; and they informed the Sheriff that life was extinct.

The Sheriff then announced the fact to the assembly, and after thanking the witnesses for their prompt attendance, he dismissed them from further service.

The body was taken in charge by Mr. John Peak, undertaker, placed in a black coffin, and conveyed to the cell recently occupied by the prisoner.

Professor Webster left no special communication for the public; nor did he retract to the last any statement made in his confession to Mr. Putnam.

He has, however, left a number of letters, addressed to various parties; and some of them may be hereafter communicated for publication.

The countenance of Professor Webster in death was serene and even pleasant in its expression; exhibiting no discoloration or sign of distortion. The genial, beaming smile, with which he was wont to encounter a friend, seemed to have just passed over it, and left its trace.

FURTHER FACTS AT THE EXECUTION.

Soon after the body was cut down, Dr. Putnam repaired to Cambridge to communicate intelligence of the execution to the bereaved family. For some days, through the vague communication of a friend, they had been anticipating, that each interview with the prisoner might be the last; although they left the cell and the jail on Thursday, not supposing that the execution would take place the next day. As they entered their carriage, however, they noticed a bustle about the jail, and the assembling of a crowd, from which they drew dreadful augories of the imminence of the fatal event; and when the visit of Dr. Putnam was announced yesterday morning, they at once knew that all was over.

We drop the curtain over the scene of domestic anguish that ensued. It was not unrelieved by hopes, that the father and husband had deeply and sincerely repented of his crime; and that the bitterness of death was alleviated by sincere religious preparation and prayer to the Most High.

Dr. Putnam having inquired of the prisoner Friday morning, before the religious exercises in the cell, whether there were any points he would like to have touched upon in the prayer, Professor Webster replied, that there were two, which it would be agreeable to his feelings to have introduced: one was, that the hearts of his fellowmen might be softened towards him, after he was gone; the other that every consolation from heaven for the suffering he had inflicted might be vouchsafed to the family and relatives of the late Dr. Parkman.

In the interview before the prayer, Professor Webster alluded to his hope of meeting in the world, to which he was about to pass in spirit, a tenderly beloved child, who died some years since. He conversed, with perfect composure, on various subjects, mostly of a religious nature.

During the walk to the gallows the conversation was maintained mostly by Dr. Putnam, whose object it was to keep the prisoner's thoughts so occupied with sacred things that the appalling spectacle around him should not cause him to quail. But the prisoner was firm to the last. Not a nerve shivered. To Dr. Putnam's remark—"Do not regard anything about you—do not look"—as they entered the area, and approached the gallows, he replied: "I do not. My thoughts are elsewhere."

All the while the death-warrant was being read, Dr. Putnam kept up a cheering conversation with him, and the prisoner responded calmly and appropriately. It would have been difficult to prescribe a demeanor more becoming under the circumstances, than that which he exhibited, or to have invented words more suitable than those which he uttered. Dr. Putnam plied him with remarks to keep his thoughts in the right direction, and to prevent any pause, during which he might quail. The prisoner gratefully seconded these humane efforts, but without any flurry of spirits or nervous agitation. Dr. Putnam continued near, conversing with him, while the officers tied the prisoner's arms and legs—while the noose was adjusted round his neck—and while the black cap was put on—nor did he retire from his immediate vicinity till just as the fatal drop was about to descend.

The flushed appearance of the prisoner's face and the effusion of tears were produced apparently by the premature and momentary tightening of the rope, and not, as some supposed, by agitation.

The last audible words of Professor Webster, as the cap was drawn over his face, were: "FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT!"

One of our contemporaries states, that the spot selected for the gallows was that, where it would be most conspicuous to the multitude. Directly the contrary of this is the truth. It was the object of Mr. Andrews to place it where it would be as little conspicuous as possible.

The wish of the prisoner, as expressed the evening before, both to Sheriff Eveleth and Dr. Putnam, was that the execution might be as prompt as possible. He said that he would be ready at any moment after 8 o'clock. This request the Sheriff observed so far as the convenience and decorum of the occasion would allow.

For some days before his death Professor Webster's favorite reading, next to the Bible, was in Channing's works. He also found much to soothe him and gratify his religious and literary taste in Bowring's "Matins and Vespers," and in Longfellow's Collection of hymns. He made presents of the last named works, with appropriate passages marked in them, to various friends.

The body was taken to the house of Mrs. Webster in Cambridge on Friday night. The funeral took place early Sunday morning, the services being performed at the house by the Rev. Dr. Walker.

[The following letter, communicated for the *Transcript* of Saturday, was addressed by Prof. Webster to the Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman, and a copy retained in the possession of the former, which he confided to a friend, with permission to make such disposition of it as he might see fit, after his own decease. We mention this in order that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed may not be suspected of having disregarded the request which it contains.]

(Copy.)

BOSTON, Aug. 6, 1850.

REV. DR. PARKMAN—DEAR SIR: I cannot leave this world in the peace of mind for which I pray, without addressing you as the head of that family which I have so deeply injured and afflicted, to make known to you and them the bitter anguish of soul, the sincere contrition and penitence I have felt at having been the cause of the affliction under which you and they have been called to mourn. I can offer no excuse for my wicked and fatal ebullition of passion but what you already know, nor would I attempt to palliate it.

I had never, until the two or three last interviews with your brother, felt towards him anything but gratitude for his many acts of kindness and friendship. That I should have allowed the feelings excited on those occasions to have overpowered me so as to involve the life of your brother, and my own temporal and eternal welfare, I can even now hardly realize.

I may not receive from you forgiveness in this world, yet I cannot but hope and believe you will think of me with compassion, and remember me in your prayers to Him who will not turn away from the humble and repentant. Had I many lives, with joy would I lay them all down, could I in the least, atone for the injury I have done, or alleviate the affliction I have caused; but I can now only pray for forgiveness for myself and for every consolation and blessing upon every member of your family.

In justice to those dearest to me, I beg to assure you, and I entreat you to believe me, no one of my family had the slightest doubt of my entire innocence up to the moment when the contrary was communicated to them by Dr. Putnam. That they have your sincere pity and sympathy I feel assured.

There is no family toward every member of which I have always felt a greater degree of respect and regard than that of which you are now the head. From more than one I have received repeated acts of kindness, for which I have ever been and am most truly grateful.

Towards yourself in particular have not only my own feelings been those of the most sincere regard and gratitude, but every individual of my family has felt towards you that you were their pastor and friend. Often has my wife recalled the interest you took in her from her first becoming your parishioner, and often has she spoken with feelings of deep gratitude, of the influence of your public ministrations and of your private instructions and conversations, and of your direction of her inquiries and reading in what related to her religious views. These she has often referred to as having firmly established the religious faith and trust which are now such sources of consolation and support to her and our children, as well as to myself.

Nothing that has occurred has weakened these feelings, and although those I leave behind me, may not meet you without the keenest anguish, I trust you will exonerate them from any participation in, or knowledge of the father's sin, up to the moment I have mentioned, and may you remember them in your prayers to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God.

I beg you, my dear sir, to consider this strictly a private letter, and by no means to give it publicity; at the same time I will request you to make known to the immediate members of your family the state of my feelings and my contrition.

That every consolation and blessing may be vouchsafed to yourself, and to every member of your family, is the prayer of

Yours, most respectfully

(Signed) J. W. WEBSTER.

DICTIONARIES IN THE SCHOOLS. The Act of the Legislature, giving a copy of Webster's Quarto or Worcester's Octavo dictionary to each School District, which will provide a suitable place for keeping it, took effect the first of August. During that month, *five hundred and thirty* copies of Webster were ordered by the Districts, and *eighteen* copies of Worcester. Randolph is the only town that has taken Worcester exclusively, and out of *fifty-four* towns and cities, *forty-nine*, including *Boston* and *Cambridge* take Webster.

The sales of Webster, through the booksellers, we learn have been much larger the present year than at any previous time,—showing that the more extensive the work is known, the more highly it is appreciated. [Springfield Republican, Sept. 3.

BRITISH EMIGRATION. The following table, which we extract from the London *Chronicle*, exhibits the drain of population suffered by the British isles during the last ten years. It is extracted from the Colonization circular issued by her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners. It gives the number of emigrates from the various ports of Great Britain and Ireland:

Years.	North American Colonies.	United States.	Australian Colonies and New Zealand.	All other places.	Total.
1839	12,658	33,536	15,786	227	62,207
1840	32,293	40,612	15,850	1,958	90,743
1841	38,164	45,017	12,625	2,786	117,502
1842	54,123	63,852	8,534	1,845	128,344
1843	23,518	26,335	3,478	1,881	57,212
1844	22,924	43,660	2,229	1,873	70,686
1845	34,803	58,538	830	2,330	93,501
1846	43,439	82,239	2,347	1,826	129,851
1847	109,680	142,154	4,949	1,487	258,270
1848	31,085	188,243	23,904	4,887	248,089
1849	41,367	219,450	39,091	6,599	299,498
Total.	441,034	945,656	142,823	27,680	1,555,993

It will be seen that the United States have absorbed more than three-fifths of the emigration.

The *Chronicle* remarks: "Great as the present amount of emigration from Liverpool, it is likely to receive a still larger share of the general emigration of Europe, as operations are in progress to bring through this town the whole tide of German emigration to the United States."

The article from which this information is extracted makes the following statement:

As gratifying and striking proofs of the prosperity that attends the vast body of Irish settlers in the United States, and of their regard for and care of the relatives whom they may have left behind them in the "old country," it is pretty generally understood that the Irish in America send home small sums by almost every packet that reaches Liverpool, to be transmitted through the various emigration agents and others, to their relatives in Ireland. These sums are principally intended to pay their passage to America, the land of promise—but to the senders of this money a land of realities. In the course of the year these small remittances run up to a very considerable sum. Few, however, know the aggregate amount. I had occasion some time ago, in Ireland, when visiting a large union workhouse, containing between two thousand and three thousand inmates, to inquire if many such sums found their way to the paupers in that establishment; and I was informed that from six to eight persons weekly, on an average, were enabled to leave the workhouse by this means, and to pay their passage over to America. In all probability a million sterling at least is annually received from the United States of America on behalf of the intending emigrants from Ireland. I should add that the passage money of a great number of emigrants is paid for them on the other side of the Atlantic. I could obtain no reliable statement of the aggregate amount, but an additional sum should fairly be allowed under this head, in stating the total amount paid by American settlers for the emigration of their Irish kinsfolk. The figures tell an affecting story, and are in the higest degree creditable to the character of the Irish in the United States. [N. Y. Evening Post.

MR. DELAVAN'S EARLY CAREER. Of the many personal incidents which have been given to the public through the instrumentality of the temperance reform, none is more remarkable than that pertaining to Mr. Delavan of Albany,—a gentleman who has devoted much money and talent for the promotion of temperance, and who has done as much as any one in America in giving dignity and importance to this noble enterprise. He was, in his youth, one of a club of fifty who were in the habit of meeting in a room in a public house to enjoy themselves in "the feast of reason and the flow of the soul." It was not long, however, before Mr. Delavan was led to serious reflection upon the folly and danger of the practice; and on a certain evening, while on his way to the club, he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed aloud, *Right about face!* And he did right about face; and, said he, to the gentleman to whom he related the circumstance, "The first block of buildings I ever erected in Albany was erected on the corner directly in front of where I formed the resolution." It is a sad comment on the danger of drinking habits for us to add that, of the fifty young men alluded to by Mr. Delavan, *forty-three of them became drunkards, and most of them found a drunkard's death!* [New Englander.

ESCAPED. A female slave attached to a family from Baltimore, Md. as a domestic, it appears accompanied her employers on a recent visit to Newport, and while sojourning there found means to elude her employers and made her way to this city. Her master learning of her whereabouts, followed her to this place and on Saturday afternoon met with her on Purchase street in the vicinity of the Depot, and accosting her declared his intention of taking her with him. She immediately gave the alarm to one of her colored companions, and almost instantly, like the border men of Rhoderick Dhu, a crowd of them numbering probably more than one hundred had collected to her rescue and the matter thus ended. In the tumult the slave had escaped, and has probably left the city.—[New Bedford Mercury.

NORTHERN SLAVE DEALERS. In the debate on the Fugitive Slave Bill, in the Senate, Mr. Pratt divulged a statement of Mr Berrien's, to the effect that the latter had collected upwards of 300,000 for a citizen of Rhode Island, upon obligations given by citizens of Georgia for negroes imported into the latter State. Mr. Berrien said the statement was correct, though he did not intend to make it public at this time. This is a most astonishing fact and deserves the attention of Congress. Who is this wholesale dealer in human flesh in Rhode Island? The suppression of such a traffic on our own shores would amount to infinitely more than our squadron on the African coast has ever accomplished or is likely to accomplish. Let the northern abolitionists look to this, before beginning operations in the South. [N. B. Mercury.

VALUE OF SPANISH COIN. Upon inquiry at the Post Office, we are informed, says the National Intelligencer, that the reason for not taking the Spanish coins of one-eighth and one-sixteenth at their nominal value is to be found in the fact that they are generally so defaced as not to bear a greater intrinsic value than one-tenth and one-twentieth. Foreign coins are by law received by weight, and not by tale. It would be a great loss of time for Post Offices to weigh each separate coin to ascertain its intrinsic worth; they are therefore received at the rates stated. Persons have always the privilege of redeeming them at the same rate.

John Neal, of Portland, now preparing a "History of American Literature," suggests to his literary brethren, publishers and newspaper conductors, to furnish him with copies of such works and journals as they have not lost all their interest in,—the same, when done with, to be transferred to the Portland Athenæum as a donation from the authors and publishers of the United States.

CENSUS OF ANDOVER. The population of Andover, according to the census recently completed, is 6938. In 1830, the population was 4530; in 1840, 5207; making an increase since the latter date of 1731; since the former, of 2408. Within the last ten years also, several square miles have been taken from the township to form a part of the new city of Lawrence.

☞ CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—The First Church and Society in Athol will celebrate the One Hundredth Anniversary of the formation of said Church, on Monday, the 9th of September, ensuing.

An Historical Discourse will be delivered in the meeting house of the First Church. Services to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A social gathering will be held in the evening at the Town Hall, at which addresses are expected from the elder Clergy in the vicinity, and from other gentlemen, who are expected to be present.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

JONATHAN STRATTON,
aug31 Chairman.

☞ NOTICE.—The Ladies of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society in Uxbridge propose holding a FAIR in Taft's Hall, on the evening of Thursday, September 12th, the proceeds of which will be devoted to indispensable repairs in and upon their Church.

Refreshments will be provided, and they will offer for sale a variety of fancy and useful articles. They will be pleased to see their friends from other places, and will be grateful for donations in any form. Donations from their friends in Boston may be sent to MRS. FISHER, No. 13 Beach Street.

Uxbridge, August 27. aug31

☞ NOTICE.—The next Annual Meeting of the *Plymouth County Bible Society* will be holden at Plymouth, on the 11th of September, at Rev. Mr. Porter's Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when a Sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Ward, of Abington. There will also be public services, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M., when addresses will be given by several individuals.

J. C. THACHER,
august24 Scribe of the P. C. B. S.

☞ NOTICE. *J. B. Gough on Temperance.*—This popular advocate of a good cause, will speak for the 190th time in this city, at the TREMONT TEMPLE, on Sunday evening, at 7½ o'clock, when *all* who can secure a place, may hear him plead for suffering humanity.

M. GRANT, Pres. of Boston T. A. S.
sept7 F. R. WOODWARD, Secretary.

☞ NOTICE.—The next meeting of the "Maine Ministerial Association," will be at Augusta, at the house of Rev. Mr. Judd, on Tuesday, 17th inst, at 10 o'clock, A.M. Unitarian Clergymen throughout the State are invited.

sept7 J. T. G. NICHOLS, Sec'y.

☞ NOTICE.—The Cambridge Ministerial Association will meet in Waltham, at the house of Rev. Thomas Hill, on Tuesday, 10th inst at 2 P. M.

sept7 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE.—The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers will meet on Monday next, at the house of Rev. N. Hall, in Dorchester.

sept7 SAMUEL B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of this Association at Athol, on Monday, September 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Brethren will please observe the change in the hour of meeting.

aug31 HENRY F. BOND, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 1st inst, at the Federal street Church, by the Rev Dr Gannett, Rev Charles Robinson, of Medfield, Mass. to Miss Elizabeth J. Burton, of this city.

1st inst, by the Rev T. B. Fox, Mr William T. Foote to Miss Joanna B. Smith.

August 29, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr Willard H. Snow to Miss Elizabeth Gifford, of Fairhaven.

In New Bedford, August 27, by Rev Mr Welsh, Capt Henry Packard to Mrs Sarah E. Ricketson.

In Lexington, on the 3d inst, by Rev Fiske Barrett, Mr William H. H. Reed to Miss Mary P. Crowinshield, both of L.

At Champion, N. Y. August 27, by Rev Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, Mr George A. Walton, of Lawrence, Mass. to Miss Electa N. Lincoln, teacher in the West Newton State Normal School.

DEATHS.

In this city, 31st ult, Daniel Pinckney Parker, 69 yrs.

24th ult, Maria R. C. wife of Rev Henry F. Edes.

In Cambridge, 31st ult, Mrs Elizabeth B. Ware, widow of the late Henry Ware, sen. 74 yrs.

In Salem, 1st inst, Mr Henry S. Ropes, 25 yrs, son of Mr Henry Ropes, and a graduate at Harvard University in the class of 1846.

In Quincy, on the 1st inst, Eliza Susan Quincy, wife of the Hon Josiah Quincy, sen., 77 yrs.

In Plymouth, on the 24th ult, Mrs Martha, wife of Nathaniel Russel, Esq 72 yrs.

At North Danvers, at the residence of Philemon Putnam, E-q. Mr Caleb Noyes, late of Franconia, N. H., 62 years. [Papers in New Hampshire please copy.]

In Little Harbor, Portsmouth, N. H., Theodore Sheafe Cushing, 33 yrs.

In New York, 25th ult, Rev Henry White, D.D. Professor of Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of N. Y. 51 years.

In York, Livingston Co. N. Y. 17th ult, Dr Orlando D. Long, a native of Shelburne, Mass. 44 yrs.

At Warwick, on the 13th ult, Mrs Jerusha Pomeroy, wife of the late Mr Medad Pomeroy, 65 yrs.

Mrs. P. was a lady of estimable worth. One who was many years her pastor, can bear testimony to the many virtues which adorned her character. Few, moving in her sphere, passed a more active and useful life, in some periods of which she was called to meet onerous duties and unremitted cares of a domestic kind, but in every relation that she sustained, she exemplified a beautiful Christian fidelity. Home was the place where her many varied excellencies shone the brightest. There her friends were sure to meet her serene and benignant smile. Her dwelling was known far around for a free and unstinted hospitality, and the poor and destitute ever went refreshed and comforted from her door. Her kind attention and sympathy were seen and experienced in all her neighborly intercourse. The religion of Christ, which she professed, was visible in her daily walks. Though she had lived long enough to do much good to her fellow creatures, and exemplify the manifold fruits of an unpretending piety, yet she will be much missed in the domestic circle and in that of an extensive friendship, and especially by those who were strongly bound to her by ties of filial affection, and to whom she was endeared by the many expressions and offices of maternal tenderness. Her family and friends will be consoled under their bereavement, that her relief from life was tranquil, and full of "a cheerful hope of a blessed immortality," which was the language of her dying lips.

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NO. CLXI., FOR SEPTEMBER, 1850.
—EDITED BY—
REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D., and REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

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POETRY.

Love in Death.

A mother sits by a lowly grave,
A hillock small and green,
With two gray stones at the head and feet,
And the daisied turf between.

Silent she sits in that place of graves
As if tranced in a dream of prayer,
And her hand oft plays with the rustic grass
As with curls of an infant's hair.

Does she think of the time when she hushed it soft
With cradle lullabies?
Or when it hung on her teeming breast
With a smile in its lifted eyes?

Or when she touched with a reverent hand
(When its sunny years were three,)
The lamb-like fleece of its flaxen locks
As it prayed beside her knee?

Or the hour when a sad and simple pall
Was borne from the cottage door,
And its dancing step was never heard
Again on the household floor?

Does she fondly image a cherub shape
Mid a shining angel band,
With star crowned locks and garments white,
With a lily in its hand?

Silent her thought; but at twilight hour
Ever she sitteth there,
And her hand oft plays with the rustling grass,
As with curls of an infant's hair.

[Fraser's Magazine.

Farewell! I do not bid thee weep,—
The hoarded love of many years,
The visions hearts like thine must keep,
May not be told by tears!
No; tears are but the spirit's showers,
To wash its lighter clouds away,
In breasts where sun-bows, like the flowers,
Are born of rain and ray;
But gone from thine is all the glow
That helped to form life's promise-bow!

Farewell!—I know that never more
Thy spirit, like the bird of day,
Upon its own sweet song, shall soar
Along a sunny way!
The hour that wakes the water-fall
To music in its far off flight,
And hears the silver fountains call,
Like angels, through the night,
Shall bring thee songs whose tones are sighs,
From harps whose chords are memories!

Night!—when, like perfumes that have slept,
All day, within the wild-flower's heart,
Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept
In silence and apart;
And voices we have pined to hear,
Through many a long and lonely day,
Come back upon the dreaming ear,
From grave lands far away;
And gleams look forth, of spirit-eyes,
Like stars along the darkening skies!

When fancy and the lark are still—
Those riders of the morning gale!
And walks the moon o'er vale and hill,
With memory and the nightingale;—
The moon that is the daylight's ghost,
(As memory is the ghost of hope,)
And holds a lamp to all things lost,
Beneath night's solemn cope;
Pale as the light of memory led
Along the cities of the dead!

Alas, for thee! alas, for thee!
Thy youth that is no longer young!
Whose heart like Delphi's ruined shrine,
Gives oracles—oh! still divine—
But never more in song!
Whose breast like Echo's haunted hall,
Is filled with murmurs of *the past*,
Ere all its "gold was dim," and all
Its "pleasant things" laid waste!
From whose sweet windows never more
Shall look the sunny soul of yore!

Farewell!—I do not bid thee weep,—
The smile and tear are past for thee;
The river of thy thoughts must keep
Its solemn course, too still and deep
For idle eyes to see!
Oh! earthly things are all too far
To throw their shadows o'er its stream!—
But now and then, a silver star,
And, now and then, a gleam
Of glory from the skies be given,
To light its waves with dreams of Heaven!

FOR CHILDREN.

[For the Register.]

"BE GENTLE, BE COURTEOUS."

To children, as well as to men and women, this Christian command is addressed; and how many charms would be added to our daily, domestic life, if this precept was more literally obeyed. But it is with children we now plead, that they would endeavor to cultivate the kind dispositions, and acquire the gentle, courteous manners, and considerate attention for the comfort of others, which add so much to the happiness of home and school.

The child, whose mild answer turns away wrath, whose gentle spirit rebukes the rude tones and insulting remarks of her companions, is already exerting an enduring influence. The one who offers the glass of cool water, a comfortable seat, a fan or footstool, to a wearied friend,—who adjusts the pillow or cushion, that it may support the aching head,—whose gentle step, and closing of a door, will not disturb the sleeper, is obeying a divine command. She who persuades the little ones to play quietly, far from the chamber where lies the sick one, or who soothes the angry brother, or hushes the crying infant, that it may not trouble the mother, is in the plain and pleasant path of Christian duty. We have seen one boy assist another with his heavy basket, or bundle of wood, run to help a little one who had fallen, climb a tree or high fence to disentangle a kite-string, or balloon, for some little fellow, who was in distress which he could not himself remedy; and we have blessed him in our heart as we passed on—and words of commendation have, perhaps, encouraged the generous, thoughtful spirit. These things are not without their reward.

Little Clara Lee is an example of the kind of children we all love. No one would call Clara a beauty; she has no claims to that title, but she is gentle, graceful, and neat. Many little girls think a great deal of rosy cheeks and beautiful ringlets, but the admiration expressed by injudicious persons has encouraged vanity and affectation, which is most painful to see in the manners of a child. Clara is rather pale,—her eyes are soft and expressive, and her hair is always smooth and nice. If you were not acquainted with her, you could not suppose that I could write any thing interesting about her; and she would be more surprised than you that any thing in her conduct could interest a comparative stranger.

A few days since, I called to see her mother. The domestic, by mistake, informed me that Mrs. Lee was at home, and I was shown into the parlor. Clara came in immediately, and told me her mother was out, but would soon return, and asked me to wait and see her. Warm and wearied with my long walk, I accepted her kind invitation. She drew a comfortable chair near to the window for me, put up the shade, and opened the blind to let in the fresh air, and then handed me a fan. She then left the room for a few minutes, and returned with a glass of sparkling ice-water, which perhaps I would like. I thought of the words of our Saviour, "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water shall in nowise lose his reward," and I inwardly blessed the thoughtful child, as I thanked her for her kindness. She conversed a while, till the younger children returned from school. She hastened to attend to them, and I heard the pleasant tones of her voice, as she welcomed them home—pitied them, because they were so warm, and begged them not to make a noise, to wake up little brother, as mamma was out, and after gentle caressing and putting away of caps and bonnets, she led them away for their luncheon. Presently her mother returned, and Clara, feeling no more responsibility on my account, devoted herself to the children. I could not but congratulate Mrs. Lee upon the possession of such an efficient little housekeeper as she had left at home. She knew the worth of her lovely child, and my words of praise were not unwelcome. "Yes," answered she, "Clara is indeed a great comfort and assistance to me, young as she is—only ten years; she has the best influence over the other children, she is so mild and equal with them. She will coax and persuade them to try and be good, and to please dear mamma, when, as all children sometimes will be, they are disposed to be perverse and unamiable. But Clara exerts herself in many ways, for the comfort and happiness of us all. The domestics are all much attached to her, and lazy or tired as they may be, if Clara desires any thing done, there is not one who would hesitate for a moment to oblige her."

How I wished that many other little girls I know were as dutiful, kind, and obliging as Clara Lee, and that they might live with her and improve under her lovely example.

But I have written it for their perusal, and, I trust, benefit; and may we all learn more of the true Christian spirit, which teaches us to be, to *every one alike*, courteous and gentle.

Boston, August 16. A. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLEGE LIFE IN OLDEN TIME.

President Woolsey's address before the Alumni of Yale College, at the commencement last week, contained many interesting reminiscences in relation to the manners and customs of college life. A correspondent of the New York Evening Post reports a few of the amusing facts contained in the lecture, which will be read with interest for the contrast they afford with college life at the present time:

"Among the early officials of the college, it appears, were several who are not at all known at the present time, such as scholars of the house, to whom the care of the building was entrusted; beadles and vice beadle, a kind of gentleman ushers on public days; and a butler, whose function was the care of the buttery. The buttery was a room in one of the colleges where cider, strong beer, metheglin, and other articles were kept on sale by a student, in whom the government of the college had confidence. Having the monopoly of eatables and drinkables, which then as now, were much in demand among young men, he was required to find candles for every evening prayers, in return for which he was endowed with many privileges.

Among the punishments early inflicted were 'school exercises,' fines arbitrarily imposed, denying the offenders the privilege of sending freshmen on errands, admonition and dismission. Ringing the bell without permission, was punished by converting the culprit into the butler's waiter, and making him bell-ringer in earnest. Absence from prayer, was fined one penny; being too late at prayers, half-penny; absence from public worship, four pence; picking open lock, first offence, half penny; playing cards and introducing liquor into the college, 2s. 6d.; jumping out of the window, one shilling, &c.

The social distinctions of those days were still more remarkable. Names were entered in the catalogues according to the standing of their parents, as magistrates, clergymen, &c. A shoemaker's son being asked what his father's occupation was, said he was on the bench. Sometimes a delinquent was punished by placing his name lower than it otherwise would have been placed on the register. Boxing and cuffing on the ears were not uncommon modes of punishment. The mode of administering the penalty was, for the offender to go to the President's room, and, with his head hung down, submit to the penalty before the faculty. One student while submitting to the punishment, dodged and fled; he was apprehended by the beadle, brought into the hall, admonished and suspended. But, on confessing, and taking the original prescription more meekly, reinstated. A young man at Harvard, about this time, was publicly whipped for blasphemous words.

The servitude of Freshmen was a most humiliating part of college discipline. Any senior could call one or all of the class to his room to admonish and instruct them, and the system of flogging, of which we hear so much in the English universities, was in full force in our colonial times, when we borrowed, more even than we do now, from the mother country.

SIAMESE TWINS.

Dr. Warren, of Boston, lately communicated the following among other interesting particulars in regard to the Siamese twins:

The connecting substance is very strong, and has no great sensibility; it can be severely handled without causing pain. No pulsating vessel can be felt in it. The slightest motion of one is immediately followed by the other in the same direction, so that the same wish seems to influence both; this is quite involuntary, or a habit formed by necessity. They always face in one direction, standing nearly side by side, and cannot without inconvenience face in opposite directions. One is rather more intellectual than the other; the most intellectual being rather irritable, the other being extremely amiable.

The connection between these twins might afford some very interesting observations in physiology, therapeutics, and pathology. There is doubtless a connection by minute blood vessels, absorbents, and nervous filaments, which might transmit the action of medicines and the causes of disease. As far as known, any indisposition of one extends to the other: they are inclined to sleep and eat at the same time and in the same quantity, and perform in the same manner other similar acts. It is supposed that when they are asleep touching one awakens both; but when awake, an impulse given to one does not affect the other. The slightest movement of one is so soon perceived by the other, that a careless observer might think they acted simultaneously. No part seems to have a perception common to both, except the middle of the connecting substance, and its neighborhood, for when an impression is made at this part, it is felt only by the one of the side to which it is applied.

From the limited vascular and nervous connection that can be discovered, Dr. Warren supposes that the influence of medicine, transmitted from one to the other, would be inconsiderable; and the same would apply to most diseases—for instance, a slight fever would not probably extend from one to the other; while diseases communicable through the absorbents or capillaries (as small pox,) would be readily transmitted. The beatings of both hearts coincide exactly, as also the pulses under ordinary circumstances; if one exerts himself without the other, his pulse alone will be quickened, while the latter is unchanged. They breathe also exactly together.

This harmony in corporal functions would lead us to ask if there be a similar harmony in the intellectual functions; if they are identically the same persons. There is no reason to suppose that their intellectual operations are any more the same than they would be in any two persons, confined together, educated under similar habits and tastes.

Then would come the question whether they could be separated with safety. Perhaps such an operation would not be necessarily fatal, but the peritoneum may be continuous from one to the other, and the opening of this great serious cavity might be attended with dangerous symptoms. Should one die before the other, it should be immediately performed; but no surgeon would be justified in attempting such an operation to free them from a mere inconvenience; which inconvenience, if we may believe the reports of their domestic affairs and flourishing condition in worldly goods, is after all of no very great consequence.

THE ART OF THINKING.

One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it; and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch a correct manner of viewing a question. It is right in study, not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed; to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds, to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other truths more general; so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized; and the general truth at any time suggests all the particular exemplification that leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without the least attempt at classification and arrangement. Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its re-appearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding, must, I should suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others little with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs. [Sydney Smith.

CHINESE SUBJECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

It appears not improbable that this republic will, before long, have a large number of citizens voting for President, and appealing to the Constitution, while they worship Confucius, and eat rice with chopsticks. The *California Courier* has the following statement on the subject:—"San Francisco probably has a population of one thousand Chinese, and this population is the most orderly, industrious, and prudent, of any class in our city. You never catch any of the long queues in any of the haunts of dissipation, and, per consequence, none of them on the police books. They are generally pretty good mechanics—some of them keep restaurants, and a few trade in nick-nacks and curiosities. When lumber was scarce in the market, a large quantity was brought from Chinese ports, ready framed and matched for ten-footers." The Chinese are, in some respects, the Yankees of the East. Their redundant population overflows into all the neighboring countries, and wherever they go, they are sure to get the cream of all the trade. Large communities of them are found scattered throughout all Further India, and the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, where they uniformly show themselves superior to the people among whom they settle, in civilization, intelligence, industry, thrift, orderly behavior, and all the qualities of good citizens. There is no doubt that the attractions of commerce and gain will draw still greater numbers of them into the Pacific territories of the United States, where they will enjoy what they have never yet possessed out of their own country, a perfect political equality with the people among whom they reside. With this important advantage, the excellent natural genius of the Chinese may undergo developments leading to the most important results. When many thousands of Chinese understand our language, and the spirit of our social and political institutions, it will be impossible to prevent a flood of knowledge from penetrating into the heart of the Chinese Empire, and working out consequences, the importance of which can hardly be overrated. [Boston Courier.

From Dr. Holmes's Poem at Yale Commencement.

A PICTURE OF APRIL.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wood'd by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the marg'n of receding floods,
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away.
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

ANTI-NON-RESISTANCE.

Land of our fathers! in thine hour of need,
God help thee, guarded by the passive creed!
As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and cowl,
When through the forest rings the gray wolf's howl,
As the deep galleon trusts her gilded prow,
When the black corsair slants athwart her bow,
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden green,
When the dark plumage, with the crimson beak,
Has rustled, shadowy, from its splintered peak;
So trust thy friends, whose idle tongues would charm
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm;
Thy torches ready for the answering peal
From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!
Yet when thy champion's stormy task is done,
The frigate silenced, and the fortress won:
When toil-worn Valor claims his laurel-wreath,
His reeking cutlass slumbering in its sheath;
The fierce declaimer shall be heard once more,
Whose twang was smothered by the conflict's war
Heroes shall fall, that strode unharmed away
Through the red heaps of many a doubtful day;
Hacked in his sermons—riddled in his prayers—
The brond-cloth slashing what the broad-sword spares.
Untaught by trial, ignorance might suppose
That all our fighting must be done with blows.
A'as! not so; between the lips and brain
A dread artillery masks its loaded train;
The smooth portcullis of the smiling face
Veils the grim battery with deceptive grace;
But in the flashes of its opened fire,
Truth, Honor, Justice, Peace and Love expire.

The Heart. The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the presure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone, I would vain leave the erringsoul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came. [Longfellow.

To Bring the Drowned to Life. At this season of the year, when so many fatal accidents are occurring, the following advice, which we have perhaps before published, is particularly opportune:

Immediately as the body is removed from the water, press the chest suddenly and forcibly downward and backward, and instantly discontinue the pressure. Repeat this violent interruption until a pair of bellows can be procured. When obtained, introduce the muzzle well upon the base of the tongue. Surround the mouth with a towel or handkerchief, and close it. Direct a bystander to press firmly upon the projecting part of the neck (Adam's apple), and use the bellows actively. Then press upon the chest to expel the air from the lungs, to imitate the natural breathing. Continue this at least an hour or, until signs of natural breathing come on.

Wrap the body in blankets, place it near a fire, and do everything to preserve the natural warmth. Everything, however, is secondary to inflating the lungs. Send for a medical man immediately.

Avoid all frictions until respiration shall be in some degree restored.

Licentious Papers in London. It was stated at the recent London anniversaries, that "there are not less than ten stamped newspapers of an infidel tendency, whose circulation throughout the country is not less than 11,000,000. Of unstamped newspapers there are six, whose circulation is 6,240,000. Of miscellaneous publications of light and evil tendency, not less than 10,400,000. Of the worst class of all, a circulation of 525,000; making a total of nearly 29,000,000."

Suggestions which are scornfully received are often quietly adopted.

America England's best Customer.—The value of the produce and manufactures of Great Britain and Ireland for the year of 1848 was a little above £247,000,000, and of that amount nearly £195,000,000 worth was consumed at home, and £13,000,000 worth in our colonies, making together £208,000,000, or thereabouts; while the whole amount exported to all the foreign countries of the world was not much more than £39,000,000; that is to say, in round numbers, eighty per cent of our whole manufactures were bought in the home market, five per cent in the colonial, and fifteen in the foreign—the whole of the foreign nations of the world thus purchasing less than one sixth of the productions of Great Britain. A calculation of the average consumption per head at home, in the colonies, and in foreign countries, affords some curious results. Taking the population of the United Kingdom at 31,000,000, and the whole consumption at £194,313,151, we get an average consumption of £6 5s 4d per head. Calculating the population of all foreign countries to which we export our commodities at 607,681,000 and their consumption at 39,430,481, we get on annual consumption per head of 1s 3 1-2d, or less than the 69th part of the British consumption per head.

If we take the population of the British colonial possessions at 118,790,200, and their consumption at $12,819,345, and add them to the home population and consumption, we arrive at on aggregate of 149,000,000 souls, and a British consumption of £207,623,115, or an average of £1 7s 11d per head. If in the calculation of the foreign average, we deduct the population of China, which amounts to the formidable sum of 253,000,000 we shall raise the average of foreign consumption from 1s 3 1-2 to 2s 1 3-8d. If on the other hand, we exclude from our colonial table the East Indies, with their 115,000,000, and exports amounting to £5,077,247, as a set-off against China, we leave for the United Kingdom and the colonies a population of 34,914,200, consuming on an average £5 16s per head of all the productions of Great Britain; in other words, more than 52 times the average of the foreigners at the higher calculation. Assuming the population of the United States to be 19,500,000, and the amount of their consumption of British productions £9,564,902 (an amount considerably exceeding the average of 12 years,) we get an average consumption per head of 9s 9d, or more than four times the highest general average of foreign consumption, and considerably greater than the average of any other foreign country. If we take the American consumption at a little more than £7,000,000 a year, which was the average of the 12 years concluding with 1848 we shall still have an average consumption per head higher than that of any other foreign country.

The Americans are, therefore, our best foreign customers, individually, if we may so speak; but they are also by far our best customers regarding them as a nation. While they took nine millions and a half worth of our productions in 1848, all Northern and Western Europe, from Russia to France, took but twelve millions; the South of Europe, with the whole of the Mediterranean, from Portugal to Morocco, but eight millions and a half; and South America, with Mexico, considerably under six millions. The average amount of exports from the United Kingdom to France during the five years ending with 1848, was £2,548,453; to Germany for the same period, £6,601,393; and to Italy £2,733,552. It is clear, therefore, that no nation takes so much of our commodities as the United States, even calculating their consumption on the average of 12 years. Taking the amount of their consumption of 1841, viz: nine millions and a half, we still find the States consuming less than a quarter of our exports, while we consumed more than two thirds of the whole of theirs in the same year, amounting in value to more than £27,000,000 sterling. [London Morning Herald.

At Home.

DR. MORTON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row opposite the Boston Museum, will personally employ his discovery (Ether,) in extracting all teeth, and insert his beautiful artificial ones, without the slightest pain.
july 27 eoptf.

To the Friends of Peace.

THE undersigned has a great number of copies of the Advocate of Peace, (the periodical of the American Peace Society,) for the years 1843, 1844, 1845 and 1846, which, though they have passed the time of their immediate object, yet, containing many interesting articles and valuable information, may, by dissemination, be instrumental in extending pacific sentiments. With this view, they will be furnished *gratuitously* to any friends of peace in the United States, who will receive them for distribution, and pay for the expense of transmission. Persons desirous of this aiding the cause of peace, will please send their orders to the undersigned, post paid, specifying the number of copies desired, the direction to which they are to be sent, the mode of conveyance, &c., and they will be forwarded, in the proportions, as to months, in which they are possessed.
J. P. BLANCHARD,
august3 4t* No. 4 Waverly Place Boston.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 8 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 25th of this month. He proposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

Family Boarding School for Boys,

AT JAMAICA PLAIN, ROXBURY.

THE Subscriber gives notice that the SUMMER TERM of his Family Boarding School for Boys, will commence on the 8th of July.

His establishment unites the advantages of a healthful and pleasant location, with those of large and convenient buildings, and extensive and retired grounds.

Thorough instruction is given in all branches preparatory to College or Mercantile pursuits.

Application for admission may be made by letter, or by personal interview with the subscriber, at his residence, on Centre street, corner of Pond street, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury.
C. M. VINSON.
june22. 1wis.7wos.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.
Terms:—$132, per annum.

REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. B. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Edes, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham.
RUFUS F. BREWER.
Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

The Spanish Language.

THE Subscriber, ten years resident in Cuba, wishes to give instruction in the *SPANISH LANGUAGE*, to classes or individuals. Apply at No. 1 Bedford Place, where terms and hours will be made known.

Refer to Amos Lawrence, Esq.; Rev. S. K. Lothrop; Philo S. Shelton, Esq.
june 15. tf. MRS ANNA Y. LORD.

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APOTHECARY. SMITH & MELVIN, 325 Washington street, under Amory Hall, continue to give particular attention to the *prescripts* of Physicians and the medical requisitions of families. Confining themselves as they do principally to the legitimate business of the apothecary or scientific and practical Pharmacy, and having unusual facilities for importing and selecting their medicines, customers may be assured of the purity and genuineness of every article dispensed at their establishment. june23

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[From George B Emerson, Esq., Boston.]

"The work contains much which has not been made accessible to English readers, and much of original generalization, which render it a most valuable work. It ought to be in the hands of every teacher of Geography. It will enable him to read and understand the high lessons which the study of nature is calculated to teach, but which, without some guiding philosophical principles, are apt to be missed, or to be lost sight of. It will enable him, in very many particulars, to give an interest to the study of Geography, which mere barren, unrelated, unassociated facts can never possess in the youthful student. It brings the imagination and the desire to search into causes, to the aid of the memory. The publication of the work will mark an era in the teaching of Geography."

The publishers has been favored with notices from Prof. Agassiz, Prof. George Ticknor, George S. Hillard, Esq., Charles Sumner, Esq., Prof. Benj. Peirce, Rev. E. N. Kirk, &c.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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3teow august24

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MASON M. MILES, M. D.
Boston, Nov. 10, 1849. is3m&cos

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